THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JUNE, 1809.

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RACING CALENDAR 29

Embellished with—I. A finely-executed Engraving of Dogs and Dead Game,
II. Leading Colts running for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1809.

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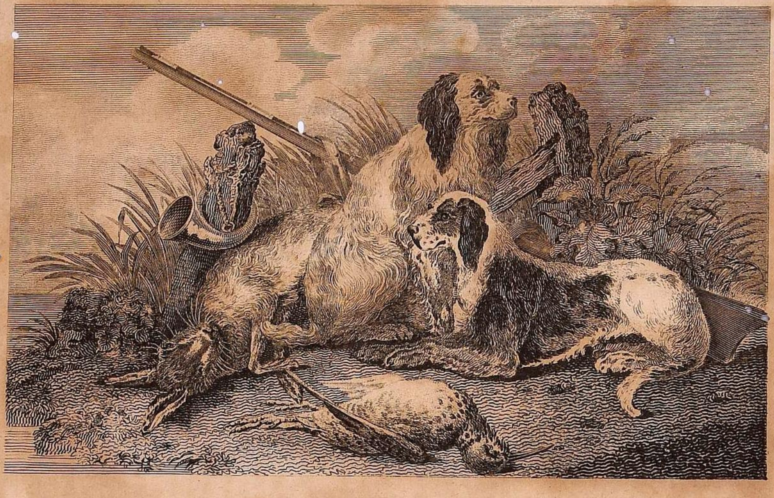
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Proprietor* of the Sporting Magazine hopes to derive some benefit from the Remarks of his Correspondent Nimrod. In selecting and putting together a publication of this description, he cannot expect all *sterling*, and no *alloy*.—We pronounce, and without fear of contradiction, that the *Racing Calendar*, as progressively given in our Magazine, is *the most correct of any published in the kingdom.*

A number of Articles are under consideration: such as are thought to merit insertion, shall appear in the next or succeeding Magazines.

The Pedigree, Performances, and Produce, of that celebrated Racer and Stallion Sorcerer, in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Dogs & Dead Game.

Published July 1.1809 by J.Wheble Warwick Square London.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1809.

DOGS AND DEAD GAME.

An Engraving.

THIS being from a design of fancy or study, it remains with us only to hope it will please those for whom it was intended; viz. the readers and patronisers of the *Sporting Magazine.*

RACES APPOINTED IN 1809.

IPSWICH	*July* 4
Lamberton	5
Newmarket	10
Swansea	18
Knighton	—
Brighton	21
Knutsford	25
Barnet	26
Exeter	31
Haverfordwest	31
Tré-Madock	*Aug.* 1
Taunton	—
Bodmin	—
Newcastle-under-Lyme	8
Nottingham	8
Canterbury	15
York August Meeting (Sat.)	19
Egham	29
Northampton	29
Warwick	*Sept.* 5
Kingscote	19
Bedford	—
Lincoln	20
Leicester	20
Dumfries	—
Newmarket First October Meeting	*Oct.* 3
Second Oct. Meeting	16
Houghton Meeting	30

COCKING.

DURHAM.

THE Long Main fought in the Race-week, between Sir H. T. Vane, Bart. and C. J. Brandling, Esq. in consequence of some omissions in taking down the marks, &c. was undecided, and left to arbitration.

MANCHESTER.

IN the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought, between Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart. (Harris, feeder; Probin, setter) and R. G. Hopwood, Esq. (Potter, feeder; G. Sunley, setter) consisting of thirty-five main battles, which was won by the former by three a-head. Before fighting, 5 and 6 to 4 on Potter; after two days fighting, 6 to 1 on Potter.

NEWTON.

IN the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between Lord Derby, (Probin, feeder; Potter, setter) and R. Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder; G. Sunley, setter) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main,

of

of which the following is a statement:

Probin.	M.	B.	*Gilliver.* M.	B.
Tuesday	2	1	5	1
Wednesday	6	2	1	0
Thursday	8	2	5	1
Friday	4	0	3	2
	20	5	14	4

CHESTER.

Sir P. Warburton.	M.	B.	*R. Leigh, Esq.* M.	B.
Monday	3	2	3	0
Tuesday	2	0	4	1
Wednesday	1	1	5	0
Thursday	3	0	3	1
Friday	3	0	4	1
	12	3	19	3

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

CAPT. CADOGAN *v.* LORD PAGET.

AFTER some equivocation on the part of the aggressor in this modish affair, a meeting has occurred between Lord Paget and Captain Cadogan, the brother of Lady Wellesley. It will be found, on reference to another part of this Number of our Magazine, that this meeting terminated without bloodshed, and the parties remain unscratched and uninjured.

As there is no reason to doubt the courage of Lord Paget or his antagonist, let us pause to make some enquiry into the causes of this mutual forbearance, in a contest which had for its impulses some of the most urgent calls that were ever made upon personal honour. The rape of Helen, which caused the ten years siege of Troy, and the death of a host of renowned Greeks, was not accompanied by such high points of aggravation: but Menelaus had not been broken in to connubial tractability, by infinite examples of expedient forbearance: nor had the courts of Agamemnon and Ulysses been contaminated with monthly commutations, between the infidelity of the wife, and the policy of the husband.

To what causes are we to attribute the present forbearance from duelling, when the seduction of a wife is in question, which is unquestionably a stake of the greatest value; and the common promptitude for that summary and effectual mode of decision, when other points of anger are in consideration, and comparatively of little moment?—There has been certainly a twist in human affairs during the last twenty years, and the value of a lady's honour has been thrown in, among other articles of aboriginal estimation, into the scale of depreciation; otherwise we assuredly should not see so many husbands, brothers, and relatives, of bemired beauty, treating the disloyalty of a wife, a sister, and a friend, with as much philosophic indifference, as if a china utensil of the family had been accidentally thrown down and destroyed, and that another could be purchased in the market-place: thus putting affection, sympathy, and responsibility, entirely out of view!

Moderation is a virtue, and although not one of the first in the catalogue of noble sensations, its utility is universally confessed:—moderation is the harbinger of peace, and, when well managed, may be rendered equally tributary to social as well as moral interests. A French moralist hath affirmed—"Il est souvent plus a propos de ne pas faire semblant de tout voir, que-

que d'en venir a de grand eclats, qui out toujours des retours facheux. Peu de gens sont assez maitres de leurs ressentimens, ou de leur depit, pour se moderer quand ils s'appercoivent qu'on les meprise, ou que l'on tient des discours qui blessent leur gloire."

In elder times, the decision of a point of honour rested upon him who remained victor in the contest; and notwithstanding the folly that attached to the supposition, that the more athletic combatant was the most virtuous, yet, as the contest was real, there was no ridicule attendant on the transaction. To feel an adequate resentment for a deep injury, committed against our peace or prosperity, is among the admitted impulses of our nature, although it does not receive countenance from either the Law or the Gospel. But to mingle our resentments with experience, on momentous occasions, is to make resentment a mere phantom, that is cautiously and studiously exhibited, to fulfil the commandments of fashion, but not to wash away the stains of a sullied dignity.—These remarks are thrown out without any particular application. Like straws in a stream, they will adhere to the objects that lie in their way—*Qui capit, ille facit.*

What is there in our atmosphere that should make matrimonial infidelity so common? We have had two brothers *(par nobile fratrum)* carry off two married women within the last twelve months, with a limited detriment to their characters, but without any serious inconvenience to their persons: yet both the ladies were of noble families, who are in the habit of uttering noble sentiments! Has the frequency of sinning destroyed the elasticity of reproof; or is it in the designs of destiny to make us procreate independent of moral obligations? W.

DEATH OF MR. LAMBERT.

IN our Magazine for the months of April and May, 1807, are given, biographical and sporting anecdotes of the famous Mr. Daniel Lambert, the whole consisting of upwards of eight pages. Of his DEATH, the accounts we have selected are as follow:—

" *Stamford Mercury Office, June 24.*

" We have this day to swell our obituary with an article, which, if its extent might preserve a proportion with the magnitude of the subject upon which it treats, would exceed the limits of a newspaper, as much as the great Mr. DANIEL LAMBERT hath exceeded the common dimensions of mankind. We have to announce *the death of that celebrated man,* which took place in this town at half past eight o'clock on Wednesday morning last. —Mr. Lambert had travelled from Huntingdon hither in the early part of the week, intending to receive the visits of the curious who might attend the ensuing races. On Tuesday evening he sent a message to the office of this Paper, requesting that, as " the mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain"—or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him and receive an order for executing some hand-bills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness.

ness. He was in bed—one of large dimensions—(" Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa")—fatigued with his journey; but anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse! nature had endured all the trespass she could admit: the poor man's corpulency had constantly increased, until, at the time we have mentioned, the clogged machinery of life stood still, and this prodigy of mammon was numbered with the dead.

" He was in his fortieth year; and upon being weighed, within a few days, by the famous Caledonian balance (in the possession of Mr. King, of Ipswich), was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight (14lbs. to the stone), which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the great Mr. Bright, of Essex, ever weighed. —He had apartments at Mr. Berridge's, the Waggon and Horses, in St. Martin's, on the ground floor,—for he had been long incapable of walking up stairs. His coffin, in which there has been great difficulty of placing him, is 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep: the immense substance of his legs makes it necessarily almost a square case. The celebrated Sarcophagus of Alexander, viewed with so much admiration at the British Museum, would not nearly contain this immense sheer hulk.—The coffin, which consists of 112 superficial feet of elm, is built upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels; and upon these the remains of the poor man will be rolled into his grave; which, we understand, is to be in the new burial-ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent will be made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance.—The window and wall of the room in which he lies must be taken down, to allow his exit.—He is to be buried at eight o'clock this morning."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Died at Stamford, on Wednesday last, in his 41st year, Mr. Daniel Lambert, of Leicester. Mr. L. arrived there on the preceding evening, and was no otherwise indisposed than by a drowsiness, which he attributed to the fatigue of his journey the day before; it was soon after nine o'clock in the morning that he expired in his chair, whilst the barber was in waiting to shave him. He was unquestionably the largest man in Europe, and on being weighed at Cambridge within the last fortnight, had attained the enormous weight of 52st. 11lb. fourteen pounds to the stone. Mr. Lambert, during the last few years, has been so much before the public, that little more need be said; he possessed a humane and benevolent disposition, a great vivacity, and was an intelligent and pleasant companion; notwithstanding his extreme obesity, his body and limbs are said to have borne a very exact proportion to each other; in his youth he was an excellent swimmer, and has long been celebrated in the sporting world as a great breeder and feeder of cocks. His dogs sold at Tattersall's a short time since, prove the estimation in which he was held by Sportsmen of the first eminence.

A THIRD ACCOUNT.

On Wednesday morning the 21st of June, at Stamford, Mr. Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, the heaviest man

man in Europe, weighing at the age of 35, upwards of 50 stone, 14lbs. to the stone. In the early part of his life his tendency to grow corpulent was apparent, and at that period he did not do all he might have done to prevent it; yet he never indulged in the pleasures of the table to excess, and was in the habit of rising very early, and using much exercise; nor was his family remarkable for their bulk. His uncle, who was an under steward to the present Earl of Stamford, was a heavy man, but not much out of the common way.

He has left two sisters, who are and always were, very slender. Mr. L's. father kept the Bridewell at Leicester, to which situation the son succeeded, and kept it till it was merged into the new county gaol. Mr. L. having lost his employment, and being very generous, and not very provident, he felt the pressure of pecuniary want, from which his friends relieved him, and advised his seeing company for his future emolument; to this he was strangely averse, and at last consented to it under engagements that did not answer the expectations of himself or his friends. He was a chearful companion; possessed a generous heart; and was as fond of rural sports as any man in England. His game chickens and his dogs, when he was at home, were his chief amusement, and the Racing Calendar his study:

" No further seek his virtues to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father, and his God."

COURT-MARTIAL.

A general Court-Martial has been held at Hilsea Barracks on Lieutenant John Paxton, of the 43d Regiment of Foot, upon the following charges, viz.

1st. " For unofficer-like conduct, in absenting himself, without leave, from the Martha transport, on or about the 4th March last, on board which ship he was ordered, with a detachment of the 43d Regiment, consisting of eight serjeants, two corporals, one drummer, and eighty-eight privates, to embark on the 3d of the said month, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

2d. " For unofficer-like conduct, by endeavouring to tamper with and persuade Corporal William Dixon, of the Durham Militia, who was sent, on the 12th March, from Hilsea Barracks to Portsmouth, by order of the Commandant, with an official Letter to him to return to his quarters at Hilsea, to take back the said letter, and say that he had not seen, and could not find him; notwithstanding he (Corporal Dixon) had at that time delivered the official letter in question into his own hands.

3d. " For unofficer-like and ungentlemanly conduct, in quitting Hilsea Barracks, for the purpose of embarkation, when in debt to a poor widow-woman, who lets lodgings, 1l. 3s. 5d.; to the Staff Letter-Serjeant, at Hilsea, for the postage of letters, 10s. 7½d.; and to a soldier's wife, of the 43d Regiment, for washing, 13s. 8½d.—Notwithstanding he, Lieutenant Paxton, had received repeated messages from the Commandant, through the Garrison Adjutant, respecting the Widow Lewis's demand, and which he declared he would pay, before he embarked."

The Court having found the Prisoner *guilty* of all the charges exhibited against him, adjudged him to be *cashiered*, which sentence his

his Majesty has been pleased to confirm; and the Commander-in-Chief has therefore directed, that the foregoing charges, together with the sentence of the Court, shall be read at the head of every regiment, and entered in the regimental orderly books.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

THIS gentleman started at twelve o'clock, on Thursday night, the 1st instant, to go a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and the place of his performance, Newmarket.—A great deal has been published in the newspapers of his progress, manner of walking, &c. &c. but as the time of this our Miscellany closing for the press will be some days before he has finished his course (should he accomplish the undertaking) we can only now say, that he is pursuing his labours, and that more than half his task was completed on Wednesday, the 21st.—Next month, we shall be enabled to lay all the particulars of this most extraordinary attempt before our readers.

A HORSE CAUSE.

Tried in the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday, June 22, before Sir James Mansfield.

Welbank *v.* Young.

THIS was an action to recover 135l. being the price paid by the plaintiff, who is a surgeon and *accoucheur* in Chancery-lane, to the defendant, who is a horse dealer, for two coach-horses, warranted sound in all respects, but one of which the purchaser in a day or two afterwards discovered by his lameness to be afflicted with a disease in the near fore foot, called the *thrush*, which was proved by the examination of several Veterinary Surgeons of eminence. The warranty given by the defendant having thus failed, the plaintiff sent back the horses and demanded his money: which the defendant refused to return, and sent the horses back to the plaintiff.

On the part of the defendant, three members of the Veterinary College, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Sewell were sworn, who stated that they had examined the horses two days after the purchase, and even on this day, and found them perfectly sound. Mr. Coleman, however, admitted that, about an hour before, he had squeezed some matter from the frog of the horse's foot alledged to be unsound, which he admitted to be a symptom of the thrush; but said, that it did not at all impair the horse's soundness.

Sir James Mansfield summed up the testimony for the Jury, who returned a verdict for the plaintiff.—*Damages* 135l.

THE DUKE OF GORDON,

UPWARDS of 70 years of age, father of the Marquis of Huntley, and of three Duchesses and a Marchioness, indicted for an assault, with intent to commit a rape, on Sarah Waite.—The trial was to have come on in the Court of King's Bench, the 29th inst. but on the day previous, Mr. Wigley moved that it might be put off, the prosecutrix being dangerously ill of a fever.—The trial was accordingly postponed till July 4.

OB.

OBSERVATIONS
ON
The Causes which constitute
UNSOUNDNESS IN HORSES.

THE press has been amazingly fertile of late, in the production of works relative to the diseases of horses. Among this class of publications we find one from the pen of Mr. Richard Lawrence, of Birmingham, who holds a deservedly high reputation for his professional knowledge and experience, and which this production will certainly not tend to depreciate.

Mr. L.'s book is entitled, "Observations on the Causes which constitute Unsoundness in Horses, considered in regard to the Sale and Purchase of those Animals." It is dedicated to the gentlemen of the bar, for whom, from the following humorous address, the author appears to have no very great predilection.

"*To the Gentlemen of the English Bar.*

"GENTLEMEN — I should be greatly deficient in gratitude, if I did not avail myself of this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the *agreeable ordeals* I have, at various times, gone through in your formidable and august presence.

"As none of you, gentlemen, are endowed with the faculty of taking an *introspective* view of your own craniums, it cannot be expected that you should entertain any precise ideas of unsoundness in the animal economy: I have, therefore, presumed to imagine, that the following essay will, in many respects, be found useful.

"When called upon to exercise your abilities in a horse cause, and when the respective properties of the subject that may happen to be in dispute are taken into consideration, the jury can seldom be at a loss for examples to direct their judgment.

"In the qualities of *grace and dignity of action,* many of you exhibit a striking analogy to that noble animal; and although the professional peruque is not strictly the fac simile of the flowing mane, yet *the lofty carriage of the head,* the grand expression of the eye, together with the tremendous accompaniment of thumping the table, must ever remind them of that sublimity of motion which Virgil (speaking of the horse) has thus poetically described—'*Cressus glomerare superbos.*' And who can witness the accustomed preparation for the exordium, without calling to mind the following passage in Dryden:—

"Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost."

"But, perhaps, the following parody may not be unacceptable:

"Th' impatient counsel pants in ev'ry vein,
Looks round the court, then smirks, and looks again;
Judge, jury, all, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, th' opponent's cause is lost.

"With regard to the diseases of the horse, especially that which is denominated *roaring,* juries must be deaf indeed if they are not satisfied with the illustrative specimens which many of you display in the progress of your orations; the disease, indeed, which is known by the term *short-winded,* and the unpleasant defect of *shyness,* I must confess are not so well exemplified, having

having never heard any of you accused of either of those imperfections. In the article of restiveness, some comparative observations may certainly be made, it being no unusual circumstance for some of you to *move sideways*, when you ought to go *straight forwards*, and the *kicking* and *wincing* which occasionally occur among the members of your learned body, sufficiently characterise those agreeable accomplishments in the horse, without the necessity of farther demonstration.

" But, beginning to feel as if I were actually in court, it behoves me to reflect, that the following performance may be subjected to a *cross* examination; and who shall abide the introductory 'hem,' the re-adjustment of the wig, or the preparatory blowing of the nose, signals of attack which even his *Ludship* on the Bench can rarely contemplate without emotion and alarm.

" It would ill become me, gentlemen, who have received so many *civilities* at your hands, to condemn the casual *aberrations of fancy* into which you are sometimes betrayed by *genius*, or the *freedom of remark* which generally embellishes your orations. Certain splenetic and unpolished members of society, insensible to that *suavity of manners* which usually adorns your inquisitorial labours, may, perhaps, object to those *little indulgences* usurped by your profession, and may feel disposed to dispute the title upon which you exercise the privilege of circumlocution in your questions, while you confine the poor witness to the bare response of 'Yes or No.'

" The court is, indeed, sometimes so unmindful of decorum, as to laugh at an unexpected retort thrust in, "Vi et armis," and in defiance of the fortifications in which you are intrenched. Thanks to a just sense of propriety, I have never so far forgotten myself as to join in any such irreverent exultation. The gravity and dread dignity attached to your paraphernalia, have ever protected you in my consideration against such irruptions of coarse jocularity.

" Some, perhaps, will accuse me of having *flattered* you in the foregoing observations, and may suspect that I am a candidate for the honour of being admitted to your convivial parties, and of joining you in your first and favourite toast, " *the glorious uncertainty of the law*'—but I spurn such illiberal imputations; and enjoying, in its fullest extent, the 'Mens conscia recti,' I defy any man to convict me of *ever having held a candle to the devil.*

" With the most profound admiration of your argumentative dexterity, I remain, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

" RICHARD LAWRENCE."

The following is an extract from the preface :—

" My object (I wish it clearly to be understood) is not, according to the common phrase, *to lay down the law.* Such an undertaking would be incompatible with my pursuits, and above my ability. I wish clearly to confine myself to an explanation of the causes of unsoundness, leaving it to the Courts to argue and decide thereon.

" Those who have been accustomed to attend horse causes, well know that there are scarcely two circuits where the same opinions respecting unsoundness are entertained by the respective judges and counsel. This dissimilarity of opinion

opinion arises more from the obscurity of the subject, than from any desire on their part to new-model the statutes, and, until some certain and unvarying data shall be universally acknowledged in the Courts of Law, this perpetual fluctuation must continue to take place.

"The late Lord Mansfield maintained, that ten pounds was a price sufficient to constitute a warranty, and for many years that principle was acted upon. It has since, however, been exploded, and the price at present is of no effect, except it be accompanied with a written warranty, or a verbal one, delivered in the presence of a third person.

"By some judges, the disease called running thrushes has been deemed an unsoundness, while others have held a contrary opinion. But Judges and Barristers cannot be expected to be thoroughly versed in the particulars of a trade, which even the study of a whole life, exclusively directed thereto, is not always sufficient to acquire. It is the fashion to declaim against the dishonesty of dealers; I am not ambitious of being considered their champion, but justice obliges me to declare, that they labour under many disadvantages, to which no other traders are exposed. If a dealer bring a cause into court, the bias in the minds of the jury is almost invariably against him. He has also generally less evidence to produce on the occasion, from the circumstance of the horse having, perhaps, been but a short time in his possession.

"When it is considered, that, owing to the foolish practice of working horses before they have arrived at maturity, there are very few that are perfectly sound at six years of age, it cannot be a matter of surprise that a dealer, who is obliged to keep up a certain stock, should be liable to be cheated in his purchases, as well as the rest of the community. The dealer buys a horse, of whose secret defects he must in most cases be ignorant, and sells him as soon as he can find a purchaser. He, therefore, is *morally* less responsible for the defects of the animal, than an indifferent person, who sells, and warrants as sound, a horse that has been in his possession a year or two, and with whose faults he cannot help being acquainted; yet the latter shall not only escape censure, but shall frequently come off victorious in a law-suit, by bringing a host of witnesses, such as the colt-breaker and blacksmith, and a few kind neighbours, who think it is but *doing as they would be done by*, to stretch their consciences a little in support of a friend. Servants, also, very improperly conceive, that it is their duty to swear any thing to promote the interests of their masters; hence, the perjury that generally attends a horse cause is shocking in the extreme.

"Witnesses, in causes of this nature, however, console themselves by the consideration, that they swear only *to the best of their judgment*. This may really be the case with some who are unhackneyed in the tricks of horse-dealing; but the majority, I conceive, will find it difficult to cheat the devil by a salvo of this description.

"The shifts and evasions to escape detection in the sale of an unsound horse, are almost innumerable. Thus, if the animal have narrow contracted feet, or if his knees bend over from hard work, the purchaser is gravely told, that the horse inherited those properties either from the sire or dam.—Again, it

it is usual with dealers to talk about *natural* lameness, and they frequently ascribe imperfect motion to that cause. But I could never discover what was meant by this natural lameness. If a colt be foaled with one leg shorter or longer than the rest, consequently his action will be irregular and incomplete; or if he be foaled with an imperfect joint, of course the same effect will ensue. It is a curious fact, however, that there are fewer distorted productions amongst horses than amongst any other description of quadrupeds. In horned cattle and sheep, these lusus naturæ are by no means unfrequent; but, during the whole of my professional practice, I never saw but one case of the kind, which was a colt sent to the Veterinary College, for the purpose of having two supernumerary feet amputated from the fore legs. These feet, which grew out of the fetlock joints, in the manner of dew claws, were taken off, and the animal afterwards became useful.

" Before any positive or correct standard of soundness can be established, it will be necessary to draw the line somewhere. Thus, if the strict signification of the term be attended to, a horse must either be sound or unsound. There can be no modification; nor should any attempt to qualify an imperfection be admitted, provided the position I have just laid down be adhered to. But if this were to become the invariable standard, horses must either be much depreciated in value, or very few be sold as sound ones: since it is a well-known fact, that very few attain the age of six years, the period of maturity, without being injured or blemished in some part of their frames. The question, therefore, arises, whether any existing defect or blemish, which has a tendency to produce lameness or unsoundness (although that unsoundness has not yet taken place), shall be considered as making the horse unsound at the time of sale. It may be argued, that the purchaser buys the animal with his eyes open, and therefore has no right to make objections subsequently to the purchase. Such an argument may apply to those who are well skilled in the trade; but when it is considered how few there are who understand those matters, some rule should be established for the protection of the ignorant against the arts of the designing.

" In forming an opinion of the soundness of a horse, it will be necessary to refer to the original principles of his animal economy.—Thus, it will be necessary to recollect, that the natural shape of the hoof of a colt is *circular*, and that his legs are free from swellings or exuberances about the joints. Yet a horse may have lost the circular form of the hoof by bad shoeing, and other circumstances, and yet not be positively lame, although his motion may, thereby, be less firm and elastic. The joints may also be puffed with windgalls, and yet the horse shall not betray signs of lameness. On the other hand, cases often occur where lameness is produced from both the above causes; and yet if all horses with narrow feet and puffed joints were to be rejected as unsound, three-fourths of the produce of the kingdom would come under that denomination.

" It would certainly be unreasonable to estimate the standard of soundness by the standard of perfection, for a horse may be perfectly sound, and yet a bad mover, and liable to stumble. Also, by having

having a less capacious chest, and smaller lungs, he may not be so good-winded as another; yet this circumstance cannot constitute unsoundness. The eyes also vary considerably in their natural formation, some being smaller than others. Horses with small eyes are generally shy and startlish, from being near-sighted, on account of the flatness of the cornea, or outward surface of the eye: still no disease may exist in the eye at the time of sale, although eyes of this description are justly considered as more liable to blindness. Dealers distinguish them by the term buck-eyed, or moon-eyed, and generally deem them unsound. But it would be just as reasonable to deem a horse unsound, because, in his natural formation, he might happen to be what is called overhock'd: a form which, by experience, is well known to be more subject to spavins and thorough pins than any other.

"Running thrushes, or rotten frogs, are considered by some as a mark of unsoundness, whilst the contrary opinion is held by others; yet, both a well-formed foot, and a bad-formed foot, may be affected with running thrushes; nor is lameness always a consequence of this disease.

"A cough is frequently the forerunner of what is termed broken wind, yet a horse may cough, occasionally, for several years, and not ultimately become unsound in his wind.

"Splents, spavins, and curbs, are causes of lameness, yet a horse may be affected with any of these excrescences, without being lame; that is to say, the disease may remain inactive for a certain period, and not be brought into action, except by peculiar circumstances.

"The necessity, therefore, of drawing the line, is evident, for the purpose of determining whether the existence *(at the time of sale)* of any defect *likely to produce disease,* shall or shall not be considered as unsoundness. But whilst the above-mentioned varieties in the scale of soundness continue to occur, it will be fruitless to attempt to reduce the standard to the positive *absence* of all blemish or defect; for, as I have before stated, such a measure would exclude three-fourths of the horses in the kingdom."

We would willingly extract a few passages, explaining the causes of unsoundness in horses, but having already exceeded our ordinary limits, we must be content with noticing the heads of the work, and finally recommending it as a book of great utility, well deserving general perusal.

Contents of the Work.—Criterion of soundness; mode of returning an unsound horse; best mode of obtaining a warranty; causes of lameness; running thrushes; corns; sand crack; false quarter; lameness in the coffin joint; ossification of the cartilages of the foot; splent; ring bone; bone spavin; strain of the sheath of the tendon; rupture of the suspensor ligaments, commonly called breaking down of the back sinews; thorough pins; windgalls; blood spavin; bog spavin; curb; lameness in the stifle; lameness in the whirl bone; lameness in the shoulder; string half; imperfect sight; broken wind; roaring; crib-biting; wind-sucking; shivering, or nervous agitation; megrims, or temporary apoplexy; weakness in the loins, or rigg'd in the back; age of the horse.

HINTS

HINTS, ADDRESSED TO CARD-PARTIES.

By Dr. Coakley Lettsom.

GAMING, as ancient as the records of history, among barbarous as well as civilised nations, has often excited the censure of moralists; but no persuasions, however forcible, aided by the restraints of law, have hitherto extinguished, or, indeed, lessened its prevalence, although it has been represented as ruinous to fortune and health, and painted in the darkest imagery, as productive of envy and selfishness, and of all those passions which conspire to sacrifice the dearest connexions and friendships to avarice.

That games of chance have been highly injurious when carried to excess, is generally admitted; but in village card-parties the same objections rarely apply, as amusement, rather than gain, is the inducement to such social meetings.

It is not, however, my view, at this time, to condemn or vindicate, but to divert those passions which writers have censured, whether justly or unjustly, into a benevolent channel. Without ardour, and the exercise of the passions of the mind, man would be degraded into general apathy: to render him great and dignified, is to direct their application to great and dignified purposes: for, as a distinguished writer observes, "*La vertu en reglant les passions n'étient point le sentiment.*"

It is not my view, as I have observed, to decide upon the moral or physical effects of cards; I have studied mankind too long not to know, that the mind, always active, will repose upon some modes of relaxation or amusement, and that, were these merely innocent, they may prevent the intrusion of others, less innocent and more dangerous: it is the abuse, rather than the use of amusements, that renders them injurious; and if cards were restrained, so as to become our *servants*, and we not *slaves* to them, they might be made subservient to the pleasures of social intercourse; and, were the plan adopted which I shall recommend, might also be rendered sources of general beneficence.

This plan may be instituted in each parish or village where cards are introduced, which is, to subject all, or part of the winnings, to the succour of the poor, in each respective parish or village.

To effect this, some respectable individual should be selected for a treasurer, who should distribute the money, agreeably to the recommendation of a committee of both sexes, as ladies are peculiarly suited to visit the female poor, and, from the sensibility of their hearts, to administer to their succour. The clergyman or lecturer, and the medical gentleman of each department, should be of the committee; as the philanthropy of the former, and the knowledge of distress with the latter, render their assistance highly interesting to the relief of human misery.

I know the poor are often blamed for improvidence; but their want of the means of laying out their scanty earnings at the cheapest seasons, may have occasioned this imputation; this censure, however, will no longer apply, when their exigencies and means are considered.

Scanty as their pecuniary resources must ever be, money is the least useful article, in general, to be applied to their relief. It is

more expedient, except in certain conditions of want, to purchase clothes, coals, and other domestic conveniences, at the cheapest rate, and to appropriate them accordingly to the several states of the poor. These aids should be extended to those only, whose industry or diffidence has kept them from parish assistance. By early relief, abject want, which produces indolence, is avoided, and the workhouse, the damp of moral and bodily energy, is prevented; and thus, ultimately, whilst card-parties amuse the affluent, and lessen their own parochial expences, they would at the same time prove the means of diffusing unspeakable benefits to their distressed inferiors.

The period of the year most generally devoted to cards, is also the very season when poverty is most poignantly felt, from the severity of the weather, and the greater necessity of clothing, firing, and other comforts, of which the poor are usually in want.

I can already anticipate the pleasing advantages, were the plan realised which I have cursorily, though cordially, suggested. In the midst of gain, how high must the hearts of sympathising ladies beat with joy in reflecting, that it may contribute to the clothing an helpless female, or her starving offspring! and even those who lose their bets have the consolation of thinking, that their loss is so much profit to the indigent; and may tend to re-kindle the embers, barely sufficient to warm the aged hand, or starving invalid. How often, ye fair ones, will self-gratification augment your amusement, in the reflection, that whilst you multiply joy in your societies, you multiply and extend it amongst the poor! that a single night's success may enable you to assist a poor woman under anxieties, the most tender and interesting appertaining to your sex, and cloath her naked infant.

Under the prospect of such heartfelt gratifications, permit me to court your society, and to claim your friendships; for such friendships constitute, in a great measure, the happiness of human life.

May you, generous Britons! emulate the fair sex in active beneficence, and mutually unite in dispensing happiness and comfortable subsistence to those, who may be deprived of the means of acquiring those blessings, which you amply enjoy!

I contemplate a prospect still more extensive, were the plan proposed carried into execution; a surplus of resources, that might be applied to portioning out young people in marriage, or assisting them in their avocations and pursuits in trade: hence babes unborn may have to bless those beings, who thus primarily contributed not only to give them existence, but likewise the comforts annexed thereto, consistently with the grand design of the Disposer of all good, and the source of every rational enjoyment.

RICHARD TARLETON, THE PLAYER.

From "Cursory Sketches of the British Stage."

RICHARD Tarleton is too celebrated a character, both for acting and drollery, not to be drawn at full length in this place. He was born at Condover, in Shropshire, and was found by one of the Earl of Leicester's servants, keeping

ing his father's swine, who, being pleased with his happy answers, brought him to London. He at length became an actor at the Bull, in Bishopsgate-street, and performed the Judge's character in the play of Henry V. prior to that written by Shakespeare. And Stow says, when Queen Elizabeth, in 1583, at the suit of Sir Francis Walsingham, established a dozen players at Barn Elms, allowing wages and liveries as grooms of the chamber, Richard Tarleton was one.

Sir Richard Baker says, "that for the clown's part, he (Tarleton) never had his equal, nor ever will." Ben Jonson, also, mentions him with some respect, for supporting the character of stage-keeper, in the induction to Bartholomew fair. He was also famous for his extempore wit, as well as for such a power of voice and countenance, "that the self-same words, spoken by another, would hardly move a *merry* man to smile, uttered by him, would move a *sad* soul to laughter." Heywood says, "he was gracious, in his time, with the Queen, and in the people's great applause:" and Fuller asserts, that "when Queen Elizabeth was serious (I dare not say sullen) and out of humour, he could *undumpish* her at pleasure." He could even usher in her favourites, tell the Queen more of her faults than her chaplains, and cure her melancholy better than her physicians.

Tarleton kept an ordinary for some time in Paternoster-row, and afterwards, the sign of the Tabor, in Gracechurch-street, where he was chosen scavenger, but often complained of by the ward for neglect; he at last laid the blame on the raker, and the raker on his horse, which, being blooded and drenched the preceding day, could not be worked.—"Oh, then," says Tarleton, "the horse must suffer;" so he sent him to the Compter, and when the raker had done his work, sent him there to pay the prison fees, and redeem his horse.

One dramatic performance, written by Tarleton, which is now lost, was called "The Seven Deadly Sins;" but the plan of it is said to have been in the possession of Mr. Malone.

Gabriel Hervey, in his Four Letters, mentions Tarleton's play in the following words:—"This most deadly, but most lively play, I might have seen in London, and was very genteelly invited thereto at Oxford, by Tarleton himself.—Being asked, which of the seven was his own deadly sin, 'I am somewhat of Dr. Perne's religion,' quoth he, and abruptly took his leave."—In short, Tarleton was so celebrated in his time, that his portrait was hung out as a sign for alehouses; and Bishop Hall, in his Satires, has this line:

> "To sit with Tarleton, on an alepost's signe."

Oldys, in his MS. notes, says, "There is an alehouse sign of a tabor and pipe man, with the name of Tarleton under it, in the borough of Southwark, and it was taken from the print before the old quarto pamphlet of Tarleton's Jests, 1611."—In the title-page of this, there is a wooden plate of Tarleton, at full length, in his clown's dress, playing on his pipe with one hand, and beating his drum with the other.—The flatness of Tarleton's nose appears in this plate: this he got by parting some dogs and bears; yet it did not affect him, as he jocularly used to say, "he could smell out an honest

honest man from a knave for all that."

While Tarleton was once acting the Judge in Henry V. Prince Henry was performed by one Knell, another droll comedian of those times, who, when the blow was to be given to the Chief Justice, struck Tarleton such a swinging slap on the ear, as almost felled him to the ground, and, of course, set the house in a roar of merriment.—When Tarleton, the Judge, went off, in comes Tarleton the Clown, and, according to the liberty given in those times, very simply asked the occasion of all that laughter, as if he was a perfect stranger to it.—"Oh," says another player, "had'st thou been here, then thou would'st have seen Prince Henry hit the Judge a terrible box on the ear." "What! strike a Judge?" says Tarleton.—"Nothing less," said the other. "Then, indeed," replied he, "it must be very terrible to the Judge, since the very report so terrifies me, that methinks the blow remains so fresh still on my cheek that it burns again."—This raised a louder laugh in the house than the first.—Tarleton being patronised by the Earl of Leicester and Raleigh, encouraged in his turn one Armin, who was apprentice to a goldsmith in Lombard-street.—Armin used to dun a tavern-keeper there, a debtor to his master.—Tarleton, who, from being master of the house, became a lodger there, saw some verses written by Armin on the wainscot, and wrote others under them, *predicting*, that as he was, so Armin should be. Armin accordingly became a public player, and was in great repute for the same at the Globe, Black Friars, all the former part of King James's reign.

Armin was, besides, the author of "The Two Maids of More Clack,"—"A Nest of Ninnies," and "Phantasme the Italian Tailor, and his Boy," made by Mr. Armin servant to his Majesty.

Armin was living in 1611; but Tarleton's comic round expired about 1589, as much depressed in mind as in fortune. His wit and humour, it is said, dwindled into mere scurrility; none escaped his petulance, not even Leicester and Raleigh, his great patrons.—At length, being discarded by the Court, and becoming every day more contemptible, he died without friends, and even without the regret of that public, whom he had amused and delighted for so many years. Alas! poor Yorick! Where, now, are all his jests and his gibes!

SINGULAR OFFERING OF A BUCK AND A DOE,

At St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. Editor,

As, among all the eccentric ceremonies, customs, &c. &c. hitherto suggested by your own reading, or furnished by your numerous correspondents, having any relation to Sporting Subjects, none of them have probably hit upon the following in the course of their reading, I have undertaken to transmit you the same, from the *Antiquities of the Church of Corningham, in Essex.*—Yours, &c.

Scrutator.

This Church, a kind of water mark on the Thames nearly opposite Cliff, in Kent, has a shingled spire. In this church lie many of the Baud family. In 1375, Sir William le Baud granted to the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's, in

in London, a fat doe, and a fat buck, yearly, as a consideration for twelve or twenty-two acres of their Lordship of Westlee, adjoining to his park, which they gave him leave to inclose within the same. The buck and doe were offered alive at the high altar of St. Paul's Cathedral, with very particular ceremonies, as follow:

The doe was offered on January 25th, the day of the Conversion of St. Paul; and the buck, June 29th, the day of the Commemoration of St. Paul.—The buck and doe were brought on these several days, by one or more of the sitting servants of the family, and at the hour of procession, and through the midst thereof, were offered at the high altar; after which, the person that brought the buck received of the Dean and Chapter, by their Chamberlain, twelve pence sterling for their entertainment, but nothing when they brought the doe. The buck being brought to the steps of the high altar, the Dean and Chapter, in their copes and vestments, were, beside these, adorned with garlands of roses on their heads.—After this ceremony, they sent the body of the buck to be baked, while the head and horns being fixed on a pole, were borne before the Cross, in another procession round about the church, till they all issued out of the west door, where the servant or keeper that brought this buck, proclaimed the death, by blowing his horn, when he was immediately answered by the horners that were about the city, for which they had each of them paid, from the Dean and Chapter, fourpence in money, and their dinner (good pay in these days). The keeper, during his stay in town, was further provided with meat, drink, and lodging, and five shillings at his departure, together with a loaf of bread, bearing on it the picture of St. Paul.

This ceremony continued with several others, not altogether very superstitious, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

LORD ERSKINE'S BILL, TO PREVENT CRUELTY TO BRUTE ANIMALS.

THIS Bill, which we noticed in our last Magazine, page 72, having passed through the House of Lords, was sent down to the Commons, there to undergo the ordeal of that House; previous, however, to its quitting the Upper House, a Noble and Learned Lord, Lord Redesdale, expressed his disapprobation of the measure, chiefly on the ground of its introducing a novel principle in legislation. The Legislature of the country had hitherto confined itself to considerations of public or private utility—to the consideration of public and individual rights and properties—or to guard against public or private wrongs; but never till now was the protection of brute animals, merely as such, proposed as a fit subject of legislation. He meant not to take the sense of the House against the measure, but he could not avoid thus expressing his sentiments of it.—This was on the 7th instant.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 13th, on the question, that the Speaker do leave the Chair,

Mr. Windham rose, and said, that one of the many objections he had to the Bill was, that the nature

of

of it was not of sufficient importance to call for legislative interference, not that the subject was not one of great concern, but still it did not come within the character of those subjects which were, in general, the ground-work of legislative enactments. The present Bill had not undergone that discussion that the interest, if not the importance, of the thing demanded. But certainly there was no proportion between the importance of the thing discussed, and the discussions upon it. Hitherto, the debate had not been in proportion to the subject, though the greatest importance of the present subject was its novelty. Nor were the House to throw it out of their consideration, that they were now called upon to pass an Act of so new a kind. Among its other novelties, the preamble was not a little remarkable—it set out with a magnificent "WHEREAS," that it had pleased Almighty God to subdue to our use, &c. &c. This was rather above the usual style of preambles. Of the principle, as far as it respected that general feeling, that was interested in the good of fellow creatures, there could be but one opinion; but it was another question to say, whether that principle would be obstructed or promoted, by subjecting its exercise or abuse to legislative penalties. Humanity might be defined a well directed desire of promoting universal happiness; indeed it is applied to the best principle of abstract morality; but yet even sympathy might be a weakness, and were they to legislate for sympathies, it would be difficult to say where they could stop; but it would be more so to determine how their legal sanctions would be regulated, for where would be the standard? If persons were virtuous in proportion as they were sympathetic, what was to become of the declaration, that other animals were subdued to our use, especially if this sympathy became so troublesome as to preclude us from making use of them? and that thus we should be guilty of imputing to a principle of virtue the blame of running counter to an ordinance of Providence. At the same time he was not for restricting the sympathies of Gentlemen—far from it. Let them carry it to what amiable excess they please; but what he contended for was, that the Legislature was not called upon to enforce either the birth or the exercise of them.—They were those sorts of things which could not be forced into existence, nor, when existing, matured by violence.

The obligation with respect to the morality they imperceptibly inculcated was no doubt strong. The obligation certainly existed; but then it was that sort of obligation which, among writers upon that subject, was denominated IMPERFECT obligations. They were strong, but their action was in themselves, and independent of external application to call it forth. How would they set about enforcing charity? Would they pass a law for the better enforcing benevolence, meekness, mutual good will, and tenderness? If a man, for instance, had thousands mouldering in his coffers, and that he permitted his fellow creature in the next street to die for want, when he might have saved his life by the timely contribution of a few shillings, who would not be ready to cry out against such an act of immorality and cruelty, and yet how would that House provide

against it? Or if they would take upon them to legislate upon feelings, where, he would ask, would they find out the test by which the lawful might be distinguished from the prohibited?

What he had offered so far, must at least go to shew that *prima facie* the nature of the Bill was subject to objections. But they were told, by way, perhaps, of reconciling them to these preliminary difficulties, that this was a *new æra* in our legislative annals; but was the novelty of the measure to make them less cautious in adopting it? or might they not take the argument in another way?—The Noble Author of that Bill was not destitute of laudable ambition, and how could they say how far that Noble Lord might be tempted to wish to go down to posterity as the founder of that *new æra?*—*(A laugh)*—this was a consideration which could not add to the authority of that Noble Lord, upon every other case so deservedly conclusive.

But the objection that could not be got over, was, that the object of the Bill could not be defined, and, if that were so, what could possibly render men's condition more insecure than by requiring them to act according to a rule which could not be explained? *(Hear!)* What was humanity? This was the standard, and unless negative enactments were to be made, how were persons to be convicted of inhumanity, and punished for it, unless that they have been proved to have violated humanity? and what was this question of humanity, but a question of degree, and, if a question of degree, was Parliament to be employed in conjecturing its lines of distinction and shades of difference? It was different in different men; it was more than this—it was different in the same man at different periods, and what was still more, a man in general sets up a very different standard for himself and for other persons; and here he saw in this one consideration such dreadful sources of arbitrary exactions, as would eventually be productive of consequences infinitely more injurious than the evil they were intended to correct. It was one grand objection to the Bill, that it would not answer the end proposed; but he thought the dreadful inequality of its operation a still greater objection.

They were told, that no reward for the discovery by information was admitted. He thought the desire of the display of humanity a great reward. Men were not disinclined to parade a virtue at the expence of their neighbours; but it was not only the parade of humanity, but also the parade of power—to say nothing of that feeling, in which so many shewed that good natured propensity of tormenting one another. Indeed, of late, to such a pitch had it been carried, that flesh and blood could scarcely stand it. There was a book, said to be the production of the sister of the author of "Tom Jones;" it appeared under the name of "Collier." This work, which evinced great delicacy of observation, and an insight into human nature, was called "The Art of ingeniously Tormenting;" and indeed the passion was now as general as Young's Universal Passion. The ingenious lady who wrote the Essay upon Tormenting, after shewing how the husband might ingeniously torment the wife, and how (what was not more difficult) how the wife might ingeniously torment

torment the husband, gives a concluding chapter, which she heads with the title of "General Directions for Teazing all your Acquaintance;" *(A laugh)* and extensive as the subject might be thought, she contrives to be very short in her directions, for they amount to nothing more, than the Art of Tormenting under the name of the public good. It was scarcely credible how much men tormented their fellows under this one pretence, and this was to be traced, not so much to the desire of giving pain, as to the pleasure of exerting power. Another objection was, the great generality of the wording. Indeed the objections were so numerous, that he could only impute its not having met with greater opposition to that fear of opprobrium men laboured under, which deterred them from following the dictates of their common sense, lest they should be branded as lovers of the cruel persecution of animals. He feared he himself might be taunted as a lover of tormenting animals. But notwithstanding that apprehension, he would speak his sentiments. He must here recur to this sympathy, if it was to be urged as the rule that was to guide them in enforcing the provisions of the Bill; Dean Swift, who was a shrewd man in his time, said, that he never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another like a Christian *(A laugh)*. Suppose a poor labouring man, who, after working with his horse for eight or ten hours in the day, is detected by a gentleman in giving way to some momentary feeling of peevish asperity, which he vents upon his horse for want of a better subject; well! this poor man becomes subject to the penalties of this Bill, and may be sent to the house of correction or elsewhere, but all the time that the virtuous indignation of the other is breaking forth, he may have forgotten that the day before, when he was taking a ride to get an appetite for dinner, a sudden start of his horse provoked him to an infliction of the whip and spur, which was as wanton, because as excessive, as the abuse of which the poor man had been guilty. People were seldom so liberal of all the christian virtues, as when they dealt them out at the expence of others. He had heard ladies, with that feeling that so much became their sex, descant upon the barbarity of this sort of abuse of animals; but if, in the midst of their indignation, they were reminded of some excesses of their own coachmen to their horses, they were generally ready with some reply of—"Yes! but then John is so clever in a crowd *(Laughter)*—it was but the other night, in coming from my Lady Such-a-one's, he *managed* the horses so well, and drove so skilfully, that he left all behind him" *(A laugh)*.

But post boys, it semed, were very cruel. There were three parties in that House—the post boy—the innkeeper—and (though last not least) the traveller. Suppose the case of a traveller on a journey (often causeless and useless). He drives up to the door of an inn, and requires horses to continue him on his journey—Well! what dialogue may be supposed to take place between them? The horses being brought forth, the traveller complains of them—says they will not be able to forward him on his journey. The innkeeper replies, by talking of some neighbouring

bouring races, or the great inns upon the road, or any other cause, why he has not horses able to carry him, and concludes with assuming that those are able. Is the inn-keeper not to say this? Is he to turn away his trade—his custom? He is not to blame, still less is the post-boy; and, indeed, many a sagacious observer has been heard venting curses against a post-boy, while he was plying his whip for a shilling EXTRA, totally overlooking the briber to his cruelty, while he lay snug at his ease within the coach. Of those who were the loudest upon this subject, he would be glad to hear how many had stopped at an inn on their journey, rather than force a set of lame, worn-out, spavined horses to endeavour, at the instigation of the whip, to draw them. He then adverted to the Game Laws, and argued against the partiality as to the penal influence and operation of a Bill of that sort, compared with the Game Laws—to call upon that House, as a House of hunters and shooters, who had enacted a law, assuming the privilege of killing animals for their own amusement! But those were "*feræ naturæ*," and ought to be destroyed, that they might not over-run the earth. Well, but there were other animals, which could not well over-run the earth. He meant the fishes. *(Laughter)* Why should cruelty be extended to them?—or was it pretended that luxury was a sufficient justification? Another reason was, that the *feræ naturæ* were liable to die—this argument would go a good way; for as we were all liable to die, we might on that reason set about killing one another *(a laugh)*; a more whimsical reason still was urged, that Gentlemen kill their game through clemency, in the same way as a lover of animals might tell his butcher—Sir, spare my feelings, I beg of you, and let me kill my own mutton.—*(A laugh.)*

The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded, with adverting to the 26th Number of the Edinburgh Review, which he recommended to the perusal of Gentlemen on this subject.—What he had said was all an *argumentum ad hominem.*——The Bill would be partial, unnecessary, and ineffectual, and lay grounds for imputing to them a sanctimonious hypocrisy that was odious; there was no standard to guide to conviction or acquittal, and upon such a law and such a subject, how would a set of young lawyers speak, and what mortal could say what effect that would have upon a Jury. He might by and by move its committal for this day three months. He now stopped, not because the subject stopped, but because he had more than sufficiently occupied the time of the House.

Mr. Windham having concluded, Mr. Davies Giddy, and Mr. Frankland, spoke on the same side; while Mr. Stephens, Mr. Wilberforce, Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Porchester, and others, supported the motion for the Speaker's leaving the chair, which was carried by 40 against 27—when the Committee was adjourned, for want of a sufficient number of Members.—On the resumption of the House on the Thursday, and on the motion for going into a Committee, there were, for the motion, 27—Against it, 37. The Bill, of course, was rejected.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

No. XI.

Continued from Vol. 33, Page 172.

TALE OF POOR JACK CONCLUDED.

THE gate clapped too—a man, breathing health and vigour, made his appearance; his limbs strong and sturdy, a little stiff from age and labour, and his face bronzed over with a manly hue, the effect of labour, and constantly breathing an open air. "It is my husband," said Mrs. Sendaway. Her countenance declared that she had said the literal truth in asserting, that he was the support of her life and spirits, and that at his approach her heart was wont to revive, for she no sooner saw him coming than her whole countenance became animated, and a placid cheerfulness suffused her every feature.

She met him without the door, and said, "Our dear Jack has been to see you this morning, but could not stop, as there was an operation to be performed on a lame horse; 'and I must haste back,' said he, 'to see that the poor fellow is treated properly.' There is a stranger within, who saw our Jack on the green, and he was so taken with his appearance, and pleased with his music, that he stopped at the gate to make enquiries about him. I have been telling him of all his misfortunes, and he has been reading and writing out all poor Jack's verses, and says we have no cause to be ashamed, either of the verses or of our Jack."—"Ashamed of our Jack!" exclaimed honest John—"No!" if we were ashamed of Jack, we should have cause to be ashamed of ourselves. God bless and preserve our boy wherever he rambles; and God bless you, Sir," said he, as he came in at the door, "for taking notice of poor Jack, and thinking him worth your enquiry: few young heads are so sound, but they may be disordered by some disappointments in love. No wonder, Sir, that my boy's reason has been shaken by it, since he has one of the most feeling and best hearts ever given to man.

"I understand no fine talk, nor complimenting," continued old Jack. "I am a plain man—will you please to eat a crust with us? I make tolerably good ale, and my dame, here, makes as good bread."

The reader will probably here exclaim, Can there be any thing interesting, or worth notice, in the manners or character of a poor old man? or is the soundness of the old fellow's head to make good the cracks and flaws in that of the young one?

Yes—to a mind rightly formed, there is something interesting in an industrious, peaceable, honest old man. He who has contentedly laboured in the cultivation of our general parent; lent his willing hand to keep her goodly face clean, beautiful, and prolific, for fifty years; a man who, in his laborious years, contemplating rationally upon the nature of things, has discovered the moral use and necessity of due subordination, honesty, fidelity, labour and economy, and who has learned unsophisticated common sense; who has brought up a family to respect his just notions and sound moral principles, and to gain an independent subsistence by the exertion of their corporeal faculties and abilities—such a man is worthy of our notice and particular respect. Such there are; yet, it must be confessed, that such worthy individuals are thinly sown.

I wanted no pressing to take a bit

bit with old John and his dame, who gave me no faint idea of Darby and Joan: they seemed to possess but one mind; his will was her's, her inclination was his. The table was instantly covered with a small clean cloth; bread, cheese, a piece of bacon, roll of butter, jug of ale, with plates and knives, were arranged in decent order in less than five minutes. How soon is a poor man's board furnished with necessary and wholesome provisions, whilst the table of a great man gives employment to several hands for hours, before it is sufficiently decorated with ornaments and provisions!

The bread was excellent, the bacon well cured, and had been as well dressed, and the butter was equal in sweetness to any ever made on Epping Forest. Having eaten heartily of the solids, I took a draught of the ale. "Master Sendaway," said I—"Old Jack," said he, interrupting me, "if you please."—"I was," said I, "going to observe, that your ale has the three essential qualities of good malt liquor—body, spirit, and smoothness; a draught of this comforts your heart after the labours of the day."

"It does," returned old Jack, "and it not only comforts my heart, but it likewise strengthens me, and keeps me in health and vigour. They say, bread is the staff of life, and I, for myself, say, that good sound ale is the wings of the spirit, the strength and soul of old England. But you may understand that better than I do; what say you to it?"

"I think you are right in your notions of good ale," answered I.

"I thank you," returned old Jack, "for your good opinion of ale. Come, Sir; here is a good peace, and speedily: when that happens, I trust some burthens will be removed from our shoulders; the first, I hope, will be twelve shillings taken off a sack of malt. People will then fill their casks, which of late have sounded as dismally as a passing bell.—I do not like the sound of an empty cask, nor, indeed, any sound of hollowness in any thing. 'Tis true, I can and do keep a keg of brown stout, and therefore make no complaint for myself; but it grieves my heart to see, as I sometimes do, my comrades, poor fellows, flat and worn out before the day is: hard labour, and hot weather, require something better than water.—But when the twelve shillings I was speaking of shall be taken off a sack of malt, then I shall expect to see the master come into his field with the bottle, and raise the spirits of his drooping labourers, and then, if he has a job pending, and wishes to have it finished that evening, they will freely join to do it; that is, if they are good for any thing, and have either spirit or gratitude in them; but if they possess neither, then are they unworthy of a horn of good ale to moisten their throats."

"I imagine, old Jack," said I, "that you are a good brewer of ale, which is a material concern in malt liquor." "Certainly it is," returned he, "yet it requires but little knowledge or learning to do it well.—Pains and attention must be taken to make the best of the malt, to hop and boil it properly. But the most material concern towards the having sound good ale, I think, depends principally upon the management of it after it is brewed; good vessels, and a suitable standing.—My buttery lies on the north side, and is a lean-

lean to building.—Though the sun goes to it on the longest days, it never shines in, owing to my little low house and trees; these not only screen off the beams of the sun, but they break the current of air. No winds approach it, to raise any commotion, nor does any great light enter. To this cool and still situation, I think it is owing that my ale keeps so well. My dame will tell you, that her milk keeps as well in it as my ale.—That her butter is sweeter than some which is made in large dairies, with long lattice windows, is known to many. On the truth of experience I must aver, that wherever there is a commotion of air in a room, with abundance of light, neither beer, milk, nor bread, will ever keep well, yet some people think that plenty of light and air have a tendency to preserve either of the three; experience, would they have recourse to it, would convince them of their error. Good malt, and a proper situation, however, are not sufficient to ensure good beer; care and attention must be paid.—A master, though he be exempted from the necessity of hard labour and drudgery, yet is he by no means exempted from thought and care; if he would have a good servant, one that he can trust, he must serve himself in the order and management of things in his affairs, or he will be often vexed and disappointed, if not completely ruined.

" What I have been saying," continued old Jack, " brings to my remembrance an affair which happened twenty years ago. My third boy was weakly, and of slender frame—how it came about I dont know. I wanted a light place for the boy, and should have bound him to a tailor, had my pocket allowed, but that being then too low, I offered him to a private gentleman.—' Is your boy honest,' said he? ' I have endeavoured to make him so,' answered I; ' and should you, sir, please to take him, I hope you will endeavour to keep him so, by not trusting him too far, which would expose him to temptation. When a servant is much trusted, and has an opportunity of regaling his fellows, if he does it not, then is he hated; if he does it, then it is a misdemeanour, and one misdemeanour naturally leads to more and greater, for when sober reason is disturbed by pilfered liquors, the criminal goes much farther than he might at first have intended. Honest principles will in general preserve a man, but the aged, wise, and prudent, are not always proof against the assaults of temptation, or an inviting opportunity. We are taught to petition daily against such assaults, which I think every master ought to remember, and to remove every temptation from servants and children as much as possible, and, at the same time, to keep a watchful eye over them, and see whether they are faithful and honest in those things wherein they must be trusted.'

" The gentleman looked deadly hard at me, when I talked at that rate; he said, however, that he approved of my notions. So he took the boy, and kept him near three years, and then recommended him, by a good character, to a place more suitable to his increased age and strength."

" Very well, old Jack," said I, " you spoke like a sound moralist, and like what I think you, a man of good understanding; and it would give me pleasure to hear more of your private notions and manage-

management of affairs; but I have a little business to transact on the green, and several miles to walk after, and must now take my leave."

"I will not detain you," said old Jack; "I love business to lie forward myself, and not have to run after it, as many do, the whole afternoon, and let night overtake them, before they are able to overtake their concerns. However, Sir, pray see the jug empty before you start."

"That I will readily do—Come, here is to poor Jack; may he live to give his worthy father and mother as great satisfaction and pleasure as he ever has done." "My dame will join us in that toast," returned old Jack; "but you must first give her leave to fill it up.—Jack has been a dear and good boy to us; he merits a full pot to his name. And now I will tell you of a little frolic I had with my dear boy last winter.

"I much wished to see how he conducted and behaved himself in public, and how he was looked upon and treated by the sportsmen he accompanied; so I borrowed a great coat, one too big by almost half, rubbed my face with some chalk and dirt to disguise my countenance, flapped my hat over, and set off after dark to where the hounds were then lying, with my bags, filled with apples and pears, on my shoulder. At my arrival at the inn, the business of the stable was over. The huntsman, whipper-in, and several foot-sportsmen, were seated jovially round the fire. I sputtered out to the tapster, a pot of beer and a pipe, and sat myself down in the farther corner of the room. No notice was taken; every body took me for a hawker. Poor Jack was all glee, and yet conducted himself with modesty and respect. He frequently rose from his seat, capered and turned about, said something comical, and sat down again for a while.

"I had not been seated long, before a waiter came in, and said, 'Jack, the gentlemen want a song.' My Jack was up and gone in a moment; no hesitation, no fearfulness, no sheepishness. I could hear his sweet pipe at times, and it comforted the heart of old Jack.—Nor was it less pleasing to observe in my boy's behaviour the same innocence when with his companions as at my house. No sneering, no biting, ill-natured remarks, came from him, but every thing he said and did was pleasantness, humour, and mildness. It also gave me great satisfaction to find, that he was treated kindly by his companions: no one attempted to rally or put the jest upon him. The greater part of the company, 'tis true, knew my boy's worth and excellent disposition; but that knowledge is not always sufficient to deter men, from putting the jest on one whom they know to be worthy of their esteem. My boy is an amusing companion; his pleasantry banishes serious thoughts, and beguiles the hours imperceptibly. When he sings, every one is silent, attentive, and delighted—'tis to this my boy owes his kind treatment.

"Jack returned from the parlour in high spirits; a glass of rich wine, some applause, and the thoughts of his own consequence, in having been requested to entertain those whom he admired as the greatest men on earth, all conspired to set his spirits afloat.

'Come Jack,' said the company, 'it is our right and privilege to have what comes from our master's table; you must now give us

those

those songs you have been singing for their amusement.' 'That is good doctrine,' answered my boy. 'I have preached the same myself; that is, servants look on it as their right to have what their masters have left, not what they have taken. I have fifty songs left at your service.'—'Well, sing us what you please, Jack,' said they; 'but oblige us with one.'

My boy wanted no more intreating; he sung them several good songs on the chase and other subjects. At last he sung a song, which he learned of me when he was a mere child, and which the company seemed to admire; yet the tune is nothing; but they appeared all attention, as though desirous to collect the sense of it, for my Jack sings a song in such fashion that a man may hear every word of the composition, which I take to be the chief excellence of singing.

"When the song was finished, the huntsman turned his eye towards me, and said, 'What say you to that, old gentleman?' I was so taken up with my boy and his singing, that I forgot myself, and answered in my own natural voice.—Jack jumped from his seat, and hallooed out, 'That's old dad—I'll swear to his tongue. Lord, father,' said he, 'how glad I am to see you here. But how came you to make yourself strange, and sit behind so long without speaking? you did not use to be shamefaced and sheepish. But you wanted to see how poor Jack is stalled, that's it.—Pray come in among us; you find me alive and merry, dear dad;' then he sung,

'There's none upon earth are so happy as we.'

He then called the maid, said I should have a good bed—'You know, my boy,' said I, 'that I am no chicken; 'tis my wish to sleep to-night where you do, and as you do.'—'Do as you please for that, dear dad,' said he; 'I can find no fault with my bed-maker—

'Poor Jack he sleeps aloft.'

It is soon kicked up, and I sleep as sound as a roach upon it.'

"This loft I found was over the horses. Some litter, two or three horse-cloths, and a great coat or two, made no contemptible bed. I never slept better in my life. I was up in the morning, at breakfast with my dame by eight o'clock, and at my work by nine, well pleased with the frolic. I had then been an eye-witness to our Jack's manners and behaviour in company, and seen how he was looked upon and treated, and I was well satisfied with both."

Having thanked old Jack for the relation of his frolic, and taken a respectful leave of him and his most excellent partner, I proceeded towards home, making these moral reflections on the way.—Those who are industrious, with prudent good management, seldom, if ever, want the necessaries of life; in general they are partakers of its convenient enjoyments. Those who labour or exercise, and are temperate, according to the full meaning of the word, that is, temperate in meat and drink, in rest and action, and who govern their passions and appetites with due temperance, never want that health and vigour which are natural to their frame and constitution. Those who are civil and cheerful, humane and gentle, seldom want friends and kind patrons, even when plunged in misfortunes; and though any great calamity or distressing circumstance should bow down the heart of such, yet the gloomy scene

soon disperses, the prospect brightens around them, they emerge again, become cheerful and contented, and look forward to their great journey's end with a manly composure and confidence. M.

TALE OF AN OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

From Travels in France, by the late Mr. Holcroft.

AFTER detailing several instances, descriptive of French humanity, Mr. H. proceeds thus:—

Another incident, shewing a propensity to compassion towards animals, which is very common in France when the animals become domesticated, was related to me, and which had in it many of the sweetest emotions of the heart.

A poor old man had a dog, which he had reared from a puppy, and which had daily shared the parsimonious morsel that was scarcely sufficient for the subsistence of both. By age, and scantiness of food, his strength declined so fast, that he could no longer procure enough to keep himself and his dog alive. He would have given the animal away, but he had no form of beauty, or qualities, that could attract the attention and friendship of others; and, driven to extremity, his master took him in his arms, tied a stone to one end of a string, and the other end round the neck of the dog, carried him to one of the bridges, wept over him, and plunged him into the river: after which, he went and sat down, by the side of the wall, covered his face with his hands, and was seized with the agonising thought, that he had at that instant wilfully put to death the only remaining friend he had on earth.

He had scarcely remained a minute in this disconsolate state, when a neighbour passing came up, and seeing him thus, immediately enquired what had happened?

"I am a miserable and guilty wretch," said the old man; "I do not deserve to live; there was but one creature in the world that loved me, and him I have this minute destroyed!"

"Who? what creature? and how destroyed?"

"My poor Fidel; that suffered with me, and never murmured."

"But what of him?"

"I have thrown him over the bridge."

"And why did you so?"

"I had no longer food to give him, without fasting myself; and for that I had not the courage."

"No food; when did you leave home?"

"Early this morning. I have been in the *Champs Elyseés.* I sat there all day with Fidel."

"Then you do not know that Antonine is returned?"

"Returned! How should he return? I should not now have been starving, if he had not fallen at Toulon."

"So every body thought, but it was not true; he was taken prisoner, has made his escape, and is now waiting at home, impatient to embrace his father."

"My dear boy, my Antonine, living?"

"I have seen him."

"Oh, what a rash wretch have I been, to drown Fidel! I do not deserve the blessing which Heaven has sent me."

The old man had scarcely finished this his last regret, before Fidel came

Leading Colts running for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1809.

came running up. The stone had slipped out of the noose, Fidel swam to shore, and the poor old man's happiness was as great as it was unexpected.

LEADING COLTS

RUNNING FOR THE DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM, 1809.

IN our Racing Calendar for last month, *p.* 27, it will be found, that ten colts started for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, and the two leading horses were, the Duke of Grafton's Pope, by Waxy, and Mr. Wilson's Wizard, by Sorcerer.

The interest which this race excited (of which the plate given is descriptive) was beyond most people's conception; the Duke of Grafton's proved the winner, and under the circumstances mentioned in the Calendar referred to above.

ANECDOTE OF A DANISH DOG.

THE real Danish dog is the largest of all dogs, and is the strongest made. Buffon mentions having seen only one of these, that, when sitting, was about five feet high. Such, perhaps, were the dogs of Epirus, mentioned by Aristotle, and those of Albania (the modern Schirwan or East Georgia) so beautifully described by Pliny, of which the following is a translation.

"While Alexander was on his march to India, the King of Albania sent him one (viz. a dog), of unusual bigness, as a present. Delighted with his appearance, he ordered bears, then wild boars, and last of all deer, to be turned out loose before him. The dog, through contempt of such game, lay still, without seeming to take the least notice of them. That high-spirited prince, provoked at such indolence in a creature of such size, ordered him to be put to death. Fame carried the news to the King; therefore, sending him a second, he added this message, that he should not wish to try him on small beasts, but on a lion or an elephant; that he had only two, and that if this were slain, he should have none left. Alexander did not delay, and soon saw a lion quite overpowered. Then he ordered an elephant to be brought, and was never more entertained with any sight. Bristling up all his hair over his body, he opened upon him with a bark like a peal of thunder: instantly he begins the attack, rising against the elephant, now on this side, now on that, with artful combat, attacking or retreating as he saw it necessary; till, by continually wheeling round, he at last brought him to the ground, the earth being greatly shaken by his weighty fall."

THE GRIPES IN HORSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YORK HERALD.

Sir,

HAVING for a long time taken particular notice of the disease called the gripes, which so often affects that useful animal the horse, I have at different times tried various remedies, and find, from experience, that there is nothing so effectual as laudanum, in cases of urgency, particularly in the wet or lax gripes—which I give in the following manner: Take about a quart of beer, warm it a little above blood heat, then put a table-spoonful

ful of powdered ginger into it, and also a small wine glass full of laudanum just before you put it down; which will give ease in a short time: but if the complaint be exceedingly violent, give about half the quantity again in fifteen or twenty minutes. As soon as you find the pain abated, give the horse a good dose of purgatives: the briskest and safest is castor oil—salts are of too cold a nature. The purgative must by no means be omitted but in case of looseness, when none need be given, as the laudanum, which is of a strong binding nature, will correct the lax.

Purgatives are frequently given by themselves, which will often answer if the paroxysms be not violent; but if they are so, they will often prove fatal before the purgative can act, owing to the great length and horizontal position of the intestines. Horses that have had the gripes, ought not to have green food for a week or ten days. Their food should be good hay with warm mashes; they should likewise be kept dry and warm.

Lastly, I would never advise the giving of spirits, which is an ineffectual remedy in violent cases, and will prove fatal in case of inflammation; but in slight cases, proceeding from cold or lying in the wet, it sometimes gives ease, but should never be resorted to when the other remedy can be had.

VETERINARIUS.

June, 1809.

ACCOUNT OF THE CAMEL.

From an American Newspaper.

A Philadelphia gentleman, who spent many years of his life in Africa, has formed the design of carrying a number of camels into the southern states by way of introducing the breed. He means to employ two vessels to bring them from the Mediterrannean, which will consequently occasion him much expence. That he will meet the support and patronage of the wealthy and intelligent planters of the south, cannot be doubted.

The camel is the most useful to man of all quadrupeds. He possesses the celerity of the horse, and can perform as much labour as the elephant, whilst he consumes only one-twentieth of the quantity of food on which the latter subsists. The female affords milk longer than the cow; the young camel's flesh is wholesome and palatable; and the hair of this animal is finer and more valuable than the best sheep-wool. A great author is of opinion, that he is equal in value and service to the horse, the ass, and the ox, with their powers combined. A camel will carry a burden of from six to twelve hundred weight. His capacity to undergo fatigue is astonishing, whilst his food consists of the most worthless vegetables, brambles, thorns, &c. and from the particular structure of his stomach, he can survive without water for many days. He begins to labour at four, and lives forty or fifty years.

It is supposed that he will thrive in the southern divisions of our union, where his properties, adapted to the nature of the climate and country, will certainly render him invaluable. His hair, being annually renewed, will afford a material for manufactures, highly desirable, and of more value than Merino wool.

The uncertainty whether the climate, to which it is proposed to carry

carry him, will be found to agree with his habits and health, taken into view with the expense of the undertaking, might well have deterred any individual from hazarding his own resources; whilst the public benefit to be derived might have induced the State Legislatures to lay the burden upon their treasuries. The individual to whom we allude possesses both a solid judgment and an enterprising spirit; and he will not, we believe, retard the experiment till such a resource can be opened to him. The liberality of the public, which has attended the attempt to introduce the Merino sheep, may, in the mean time, serve as an encouragement to expect the intervention of adequate assistance, should it prove necessary.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET,

By five-years old Mares, &c. 10st. each, over the Round Course.

Continued from Page 91.

(Those marked [§] were winners of Royal Plates at Black Hambleton, Yorkshire.)

MR. Atkinson's Dulcinea, § by Whistlejacket—beating Mr. Strode's Fanny, by Merlin; Lord Clermont's Laycock, by South, and two others.......... 1770

Sir Lawrence Dundas's Melpomene, by Alcides—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Sultana, by Young Cade; and Mr. Patterson's Silvertail, by Careless, 4 yrs old.......... 1771

Lord Ossory's Laura, by Whistlejacket—beating Mr. Vernon's Shepherdess, § by Shepherd's Crab; Mr. Frogley's Molly Longlegs; and Mr. Wentworth's Fair Helen, by Babram Blank.......... 1772

Mr. Wildman's Betsy, by Squirrel—beating Mr. Brand's Selenissa, by Shepherd's Crab, 4 years old; the Duke of Grafton's Promise, by Snap, 4 years old; Lord Clermont's Signora, by Snap; and Mr. Strode's Margery Duck, by Lightfoot, 4 years old.......... 1773

Mr. Stapleton's Mopsqueezer, by Match'em—beating the Duke of Grafton's Promise; Sir C. Bunbury's Gertrude, by Match'em; Mr. Cross's Clio, by Julius Cæsar; Mr. Vernon's Milliner, by Match'em; Mr. Hutton's Andromache, by Match'em, &c... 1774

Mr. Vernon's (afterwards Mr. Garforth's) Atalanta, by Match'em—beating Mr. Duncombe's Rosebud, § by Snap; and Lord Ossory's Pythia, by Prophet.......... 1775

Lord Grosvenor's (late Mr. Pratt's) Maiden, by Match'em—beating Mr. Wildman's Emma, by Snap.......... 1776

Lord Clermont's Masquerade, by Marsk—beating Mr. Vernon's Thistle, by Syphon; and Mr. Brand's Mayfly, by Match'em 1777

Mr. Ellis's Diana, by Shakspeare—beating Mr. Earle's Fortune,* by Engineer; Lord March's Rosalba, by King Herod, 4 years old; Mr. Watson's Nancy, by Rocket; and Mr. Wildman's Fancy, by Eclipse.......... 1778

Mr.

Mr. Compton's Fleacatcher, by Goldfinder—beating the Duke of Queensberry's Rosalba; and Mr. Shorter's Leonora, by Shakspeare 1779

Lord Grosvenor's Crosspatch, by Dux—beating Mr. Cross's Gnatcatcher, by King Herod 1780

Mr. Stapleton's Hollandoise, by Match'em—walked over. 1781

Lord Derby's Fame, by Pantaloon—beating Mr. Wetherell's Amazon, § by Le Sang; and Mr. Hale's Columbine. 1782

Mr. Wastell's Eyebright, by Match'em—beating Lord Clermont's Rosaletta, by Nabob, 4 years old; Mr. Croke's Princess, by Eclipse; Lord Egremont's Camilla, by Trentham, 4 years old; Mr. Douglas's Sincerity, by Match'em; Mr. Adam's Maria, by King Herod; Mr. Wiltshire's Miss Betsy; and Sir W. Vavasour's Cora, § by Match'em 1783

Mr. Broadhurst's Rosaletta, by Nabob—beating the Duke of Grafton's Patience, by King Herod; Sir F. Standish's Horatia, by Eclipse; Mr. Wastell's Snowdrop, by Alfred; Mr. Wentworth's Mayfly, by Carabineer, &c. 1784

Mr. Wentworth's Latona, § by King Herod—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Volatile, by Alexis 1785

Lord Derby's Lady Teazle, by Highflyer, 4 years old—beating Mr. Snell's Caroline, by Boston; and Mr. Watt's Miss Kingsland, 4 years old 1786

Mr. Watt's Miss Kingsland, by Trentham—beating Sir George Armytage's Lady Teazle, § by Highflyer; and Mr. Lade's brown filly, by Engineer, 4 years old. 1787

Sir George Armytage's Stargazer, by Highflyer—beating his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Cowslip, by Highflyer; and Mr. Williams's Britannia, by Pincher. 1788

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Scotia, by Eclipse—beating Mr. Legh's Harlot, by Highflyer; and Mr. Hale's Tulip, by Damper 1789

To be concluded in our next.

WEDDING SPORTS IN SCOTLAND.

THE following is an account of the customs used at *vulgar northern weddings* about a century ago.

The young women in the neighbourhood, with bride-favours (knots of ribbands) at their breasts, and nosegays in their hands, attended the bride on her wedding day in the morning. Fore-riders announced, with shouts, the arrival of the bridegroom. After a kind of breakfast, at which the bride-cakes were set on, and the barrels broached, they walked out towards the church. The bride was led by two young men, the bridegroom by two young women; pipers preceded them, while the crowd tossed up their hats, shouted, and clapped their hands.

An indecent custom prevailed after the ceremony, and that, too, before the altar. Young men strove

strove who could *unloose*,* or rather pluck off, the bride's garters: ribbands supplied their places on this occasion: whoever was so fortunate as to tear them thus off from her legs, bore them about the church in triumph. It is still usual for young men present to salute the bride, immediately after the marriage service is performed.

Four young men, with their horses, were waiting without; they saluted the bride at the church-gate, and immediately mounting, contended who should first carry home the good news, "and win what they called the *kail*;" *i. e.* a smoking prize of spice broth, which stood ready to reward the victor in this singular kind of race.

Dinner succeeded; to that, dancing and supper; after which a posset was made, of which the bride and bridegroom were always to taste first. The men departed the room till the bride was undressed by her maids, and put to bed: the bridegroom, in his turn, was undressed by his men, and the ceremony concluded with the well-known rite of *throwing the stocking*.

At present, a party always attends at the church-gates after a wedding, to demand of the bridegroom money for a *football*: this claim admits of no refusal. Coles, in his dictionary, mentions the *ball-money*, which, he says, was given by a new bride to her old play-fellows.

LORD PAGET AND LADY CHARLOTTE WELLESLEY.

THE melancholy consequences of criminal passion, are fatally exemplified in the following correspondence:—

A late Letter of Lady Charlotte Wellesley, to Mr. J. Arbuthnot.

"It would be the height of ingratitude, were I not to try to convey my thanks to Henry Wellesley, for his most kind and generous offer of taking home a wretch who has so much injured him. I dare not write to him myself; but I implore it of you to say every thing which gratitude and feeling can suggest, to express my sense of the kindness of his conduct. His note was forwarded to me this morning, but, degraded and unprincipled as I must appear in the eyes of every body, believe me I am not lost to all sense of honour, which would forbid my returning to a husband I have quitted, to children I have abandoned. Indeed, indeed, my dear Mr. Arbuthnot, if you knew all, you would pity more than blame me. Could you tell all the resistance that has been made to this criminal, most atrocious attachment, could you know what are my sufferings at this moment, you would feel for me. Henry has not deserved this of me. We have had some differences, and he may, perhaps, sometimes have been a little too harsh to me; but I can with truth assert, and I wish you to

* I have sometimes thought this a fragment of the ancient Roman and Grecian ceremony, the loosening the virgin *zones*, or *girdle*, a custom that needs no explanation.—Mr. Pennant tells us, that among the Highlanders, during the marriage ceremony, great care is taken not to pass between them, and particular attention is paid to the leaving the bridegroom's left shoe without buckle or latchet, to prevent witches depriving him, on the nuptial night, of the power of *loosening* the *virgin zone*.

publish it to the world, that in essential, and, indeed, in trifling subjects, he has ever been kind to me to the greatest degree; nor has the person, who may be supposed to have attempted to lower him in my estimation, in order to gain my affections, ever spoken of him to me but in the highest terms of respect. About my dear, dear children, I must say one word. Do you think I dare hope, by any remote or indirect means, to hear sometimes of them? you know how much I love them! You are aware of their merits, and what I must feel at having quitted them; but I have the satisfaction, the inexpressible comfort, of knowing they will be taken care of by their father, though their mother has abandoned them. My dear little Henry and Charles—Oh! God bless you! I wrote every thing to my brother last night."

"*Tuesday Morning, Seven o'clock.*

"Since writing the inclosed, I have come to town, and if it is not repugnant to your feelings, I think I should like to have one interview with you; but not if you object to it any way. The bearer can bring you to me instantly, if you will see me; but if not, ask no questions."

Henry Wellesley wrote to her, in answer to this letter to Mr. Arbuthnot—"That for the sake of her welfare, and that of her children, he would consent to receive her again, provided she would return, and break off all correspondence or connexion with the person she was then with; but that she must return *instantly*, for the next day would be too late."

The result of this afflicting romance has been, that Lord Paget returns to the bosom of his family, without being compelled to relinquish Lady Wellesley. He is to live with Lady Paget, and has left town with her Ladyship, for Beaudesert, in Staffordshire. Lady Charlotte Wellesley is, however, to continue under his Lordship's protection: he has purchased a house for her, in which she now resides, and has made a settlement upon her; while Mr. Wellesley has instituted the necessary proceedings for a divorce.

Immediately after the publication of the above, the following ambiguous statement found its way into a Morning Paper:—

"We are authorised to state, in reference to the paragraph which appeared in this Paper of Monday last, that although Lord Paget has returned to the bosom of his family, without being *compelled* to relinquish Lady Charlotte Wellesley, yet, the steps that his Lordship has taken, have been dictated alone by a *sense of propriety towards both families*, and from a hope that it might eventually lead to their happiness; in separating from Lady Charlotte Wellesley, he did it in express compliance with her wishes; she was no longer to be under his Lordship's protection, than she chose to continue so: it was not his object to be restored to his wife, his children, and his friends, whilst Lady Charlotte was precluded from these advantages; he was prepared to go step by step with her in these respects. If Lady Charlotte could give him up, and find happiness in the bosom of her family, she was at liberty to do so—if, on the other hand, she could not exist without him, he was ready to sacrifice every thing for the woman he had been the means of placing in such a situation; in fact, nothing was or

is farther from the wish or intention of his Lordship, than the case which appears intimated by the paragraph alluded to—" That his Lordship should return to his family, and enjoy all the comforts of such a situation, whilst Lady C. was living under his protection, deprived of every thing that could render life happy, or even desirable." The friends of Lord P. are aware that much misrepresentation has gone abroad, in relation to the unhappy event that has occurred; they have not attempted to contradict the statement; nor has Lord Paget himself ever endeavoured to palliate a crime, of the magnitude of which he is perfectly sensible. But as the paragraph in question, following the letter of Lady C. Wellesley to Mr. Arbuthnot, is evidently calculated to impress on people's minds the idea that his Lordship's feelings have not been, and are not, much distressed on the unhappy occasion, we are authorised to state, that an opportunity will be given us of publishing letters, which, although they may not exculpate his Lordship, will most certainly convince the world, that he has not been destitute of those feelings which do credit to the heart: and that since the melancholy occurrence has taken place, his conduct has been dictated most entirely by those principles which appeared to him most honourable, and most proper on such an occasion, and under circumstances so difficult and afflicting."

DUEL BETWEEN LORD PAGET AND CAPT. CADOGAN.

In order to prevent the appearance in the papers of any misstatement respecting the duel which took place on Tuesday morning, (May 30) between Lord Paget and Captain Cadogan, we, the respective friends of the parties, feel it incumbent on us to submit the following, as the correct statement of the event as it occurred:

In consequence of a challenge having been received by Lord Paget from Captain Cadogan, and every attempt to prevent a meeting having failed, the parties, attended by their respective friends, Captain Cadogan by Captain M'Kenzie of the Navy, Lord Paget by Lieut.-Col. Vivian of the 7th light dragoons, met as agreed, at seven o'clock, on Wimbledon Common. The ground having been taken at twelve paces distance, they were directed to fire together—Captain Cadogan fired, Lord Paget's pistol flashed: this having been decided to go for a fire, a question arose, whether Lord Paget had taken aim as if intending to hit his antagonist. Both the seconds being clearly of opinion that such was not his intention, (although the degree of obliquity he gave the direction of the pistol was such as to have been discovered only by particular observation) Captain M'Kenzie stated to Captain Cadogan, that as it appeared to be Lord Paget's intention not to fire at him, he could not admit of the affair proceeding any further. Lieut.-Col. Vivian then asked Captain Cadogan whether he had not himself observed that Lord Paget had not aimed at him; to which he replied in the affirmative. Captain M'Kenzie then declared his determination not to remain any longer in the field, to witness any further act of hostility on the part of Captain Cadogan. Captain C. replied, of course his conduct must be decided by his second; declaring, at the same

 time,

time, that he had come prepared for the fall of one of the parties. On Captain M'Kenzie and Lieut.-Col. Vivian making it known to Lord Paget, that as he evidently did not intend to fire at Captain Cadogan, the affair could go no further, Lord P. replied, "as such is your determination, I have now no hesitation in saying, that nothing could ever have induced me to add to the injuries I have already done the family, by firing at the brother of Lady Charlotte Wellesley."

The parties then left the ground.

(Signed)

R. H. Vivian.

Geo. Charles M'Kenzie.

THE HUNTING PRELATE.

In what a deplorable state were the clergy in the tenth century! Both in the eastern and western provinces, they were composed of a most worthless set of men, shamefully illiterate and stupid. We may form some notion of the Grecian patriarchs, from the single example of Theophylact.

This *exemplary* prelate, who sold every ecclesiastical benefice as soon as it became vacant, had in his stable above two thousand hunting horses, which he fed with pig-nuts, pistachios, dates, dried grapes, figs, steeped in the most exquisite wines, to all which he added the richest perfumery.

One Holy-Thursday, as he was celebrating high mass, his groom brought him the joyful news, that one of his favourite mares had foaled; upon which he threw down the liturgy, left the church, and ran in raptures to the stable, where having expressed his joy at that *grand* event, he returned to the altar, to finish divine service, which he had left interrupted during his absence.

I am afraid we have too many hunting clergymen in our enlightened day.

ANCIENT MAY-DAY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

On the calends, or the first of May, commonly called *May-Day,* the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring woods, accompanied with music; where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, called a *May-pole,* which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there consecrated, as it were, to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation being offered to it in the whole circle of the year. And this was not the custom of the British common people only, but was the custom of the generality of other nations, particularly of the Italians, where Polydore Virgil tells us, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came home, and to place them on the doors of their houses.

Stow tells us, in his Survey of London, "that in the month of May,

May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man not having an impediment would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of praising God in their kinde."

He quotes from Hall, an account of Henry VIII. *riding a Maying*, from Greenwich to the high mound of Shooters-hill, with Queen Catharine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies.—[See an account of the celebration of this, afterwards called *Evil May-Day*, and the reason of their suppression, in vol. xii. page 74.]

He further tells us, "I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage plaies, and bonfires in the streets."

ASTLEY'S WHERRY.

TUESDAY, the 20th instant, Astley's Annual Wherry, valued at twenty-five guineas, was rowed for by the following free watermen:—

Abraham Lock, Stangate.
John Shepherd, Lambeth.
John Mallett, Cuper's Bridge.
Robert Barrow, Blackfriars.
Edward Burch, Three Cranes.
James Howell, Westminster.

The boats started at five o'clock from Stangate, to row round a boat moored off Cumberland Gardens, back through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, round a boat moored off Hungerford, and to return to Stangate. The first heat was admirably contested, and won by Lock, Shepherd, and Burch.—The second heat, Lock took the lead, maintained it with great skill, and returned triumphant. The weather was very fine, and the river was covered with boats.

FATAL SPORTING.

A Letter from Matra, in India, dated last September, contains an account of a melancholy circumstance, which happened at that place on the 8th:—

"Lieutenants Wood and Clayton, on that station, had been amusing themselves during the day in shooting, and were on their return to cantonments, when, passing by the village of Bunrabund, their attention was attracted by an immense number of monkeys, and having imprudently killed one of these animals, in presence of a large concourse of Fakeers, and other devotees, assembled for religious purposes, the consequence proved most fatal. The elephant on which these ill-fated youths were mounted, was in an instant surrounded by the infatuated multitude, who, deaf to all endeavours to pacify them on the part of the young men, attacked them with bricks, stones, and every other means which their inveteracy could suggest, and compelled them to seek safety in attempting to cross the Jumna river: but the effort proved vain; the elephant being unable to contend with the force of the current, was overturned, when both were precipitated into the deep, and seen no more.

FEAST OF WIT.

MR. EDITOR,

AS the Butterfly's Ball, the Grasshopper's Feast, the Peacock's Wedding, and other allegories, have lately contributed much amusement to the public, I submit it to you, whether the following, where beasts and birds are supposed to speak and act, is not calculated to occupy the leisure moments of the readers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.—Your's, &c.

J. F. D.

A DREAM—Having lately fallen asleep, I imagined myself in a spacious hall, like that of the Old Bailey, where they were preparing to try several criminals of the bestial race. The walls, I observed, were hung all round with bull's hides, sheep's skins, foxes' tails, and the spoils of other brute malefactors; and over the justice seat, where the King's arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large stag's head, overshadowing the magistrate with its branching horns.—The gallery was much crouded with ladies, and I could not account for it, till I was told that a Goat was going to be tried for a rape.

The session being opened, a Hog was brought in, being indicted for Burglary in breaking into a Jew's Synagogue: the prosecution, however, appearing to be malicious, the hog, though the fact was clearly proved against him, to the great joy of all true Christians, was allowed *benefit of clergy*.

An indictment was next tried against a Cat, for killing a Canary Bird.—This long-whiskered offender belonged to an old woman, who was believed by the neighbourhood to be a witch. The Jury being unanimous that it was the devil in that shape, brought her in guilty.

A Parrot was next tried, for *Scandalum Magnatum*. He was accused by the Chief Magistrate and the whole Court of Aldermen, for defaming them as they passed along the street on a public day, by singing "Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company;" "Room for cuckolds, here comes my Lord Mayor."—The Parrot, besides being an old offender, had been several times convicted of profane cursing and swearing. He had even the impudence to abuse the whole Court, and frequently interrupted my Lord Judge, in summing up the evidence, by crying out "*Old Bitch.*"—But his Mistress being a strict Methodist, the Court inclined to shew mercy, and bail being given in for his good behaviour, he was delivered over to a preacher, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

A Fox was next indicted, as a most notorious stealer of poultry, and having long been the terror of the whole country.—As the evidence was very clear against him, the Jury soon found him guilty; the Judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the sly villain, watering his brush, flirted it in the face of the jailor, and made off. Upon this a country Squire, who was present, hallooed out *stole*

away,

away, and a hue and cry was immediately sent after him.

When the hubbub occasioned by this was over, a Milch Ass was brought to the bar, for contumeliously braying as she stood at the door of a sick lady of quality.—It appeared this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and could not bear the least noise. The creature was therefore sentenced to the pillory, and ordered to lose her ears.

An information against a Shepherd's Dog, upon the Game Act, for poaching, was brought; but as his master had a vote, it was thought proper to quash the indictment.

A Monkey was also indicted, for the wilful murder of a Lap-Dog; he, however, pleading his privilege, and insisting upon being tried by his peers, a Jury of Beaux, was immediately impannelled, who honourable acquitted him without going out of court.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of several other trials. A Sportsman brought an action against a race-horse for running on the wrong side of the post, by which means he lost the plate, and many considerable bets.—A Mare, for throwing her rider in a stag-hunt, pleaded her belly, upon which a Jury of Grooms were impannelled, who brought her in quick.—Some Dogs, Monkeys, and dancing Bears, indicted as strollers, were transported for life.

The last trial was for high-treason. A Lion, long confined in the Tower, having broken jail, and committed several acts of violence on his Majesty's liege subjects, being a Prince of the Blood, and a noble animal in his own country, was condemned to be beheaded. While I was thinking how his head might be disposed of after his decease, methought the Lion, setting up a horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole Court to flight, and I awoke in the utmost consternation, just as I imagined he had got me in his gripe.

An Inventory—taken on the Stock Exchange; may be seen any day, Sundays and holidays excepted, from ten till four o'clock.

A Raven, a Nightingale, two Daws, a Swift, a Flight, and a Fall.

A Taylor, a Collier, a Mason, a Tanner, three Turners, three Smiths, three Wheelers, two Barbers, a Painter, a Cook, a Potter, and five Coopers.

Two Foxes, a Wolf, and two Shepherds.

Two Greens, four Browns, and two Greys.

A Bonus Child, a Good Child, and a Penny.

A Chappel, a Chaplain, a Parson, a Merry Andrew, three Clerks, a Pope, a Pilgrim, a King, three Baileys, two Dunns, a Hoare, and a Hussey.

Sheffield, Dover, Lancaster, Wakefield, and Ross.

A Street, a Hill, a Dale, and two Fields.

A Rose, two Budds, a Cherry, a Flower, two Vines, a Birch, a Fearn, and five Peppercorns.

A Steel, two Bells, a Pulley, and two Bannisters.

Wood, Coals, Pickles, Staples, Mills, Barnes, and a Medley.

A connoisseur relates, that while he was at Rome, a young physician of the party, eaten up with *virtù*, made a serious proposal of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar.

tar. It was of no use to object to him that it was a *robbery*, and even sacrilege. He replied, "the painting was a most charming piece!" "Zounds, Doctor, but if we should be taken, we shall all be broken upon the wheel."—"Then," said he, "we shall die MARTYRS!"

THE friends of the Society for the Suppression of Vice have discovered a mode of keeping all well-dressed young women out of the Parks on Sundays, by raising the cry of "Mrs. Clarke and Miss Taylor!" One Sunday this month, the following Bill was stuck up in the Green Park:—

That well-known woman, Mrs. *Clarke*,
Is walking with us in the Park,
And with her, too, Miss *Taylor's* seen,
In *velvet spencers*—colour, *green*.

Two ladies, who answered the above description, were, in consequence, under the necessity of leaving the promenade.

AN Irishman has undertaken to prove, that Madame *Catalani* is a native of *this* country, born in *Ireland*, and that the name of her mother was *Kitty Lany*, of the county of Cavan.

IT having been announced, a few days since, that a *butcher* had married the daughter of a *tanner*, a wit observed, "that a better match could not be, since now the *flesh* was joined to the *skin*."

GEORGE Boulton, of Charing-cross, on meeting Mr. T. Sheridan, who had been ill, asked after his health; "Something better," replied Tom; and added, "*am in hopes, George, I shall not be* BOOKED *for the* FIRST COACH!"

THE downfall of the Roman Catholic religion is with confidence predicted, now that the Protestants have got possession of the SAINTS!

IT having been observed by a wag, that the way to grow rich was for a man to spend *one half* his income, and lay by the *other*, an Irishman who was present said, "that a still better way would be, to lay by the *whole*, and live on *the rest!*"

TWO men happening to jostle each other in the streets, says one, "*I* never permit a *blackguard* to *take* the wall."—"*I do*," said the other, and instantly made way.

A PRIVATE actor announced the tragedy of Cato for his benefit a few evenings since; and after he had raised the wind, by disposing of his tickets, he found it rather awkward to pay the expences demanded by the proprietor of the theatre. In this situation he consulted his friend, who advised him to make a grand "*exit*." When the audience arrived to witness the performance, they found the doors shut, and the following notice: "Play put off—*Cato* out of town."

AN opponent has started up to Captain Barclay, likely to pluck the laurels from his brow. It is no other than an *old woman*, a nurse in one of the City Hospitals, who offers, for the bet of a pound of Scots snuff, to keep *awake* with him for a twelvemonth to come, without *winking* or *blinking*.

A GENTLEMAN rather officiously made an offer to assist a Lady to mount her Jerusalem poney, at Brighton; this the Lady, with great good humour declined, observing, "Only *one* at a time if you please."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE famous trotting mare Phenomenon, has been sent by her owner (Mr. Curtis) to Active, a Shropshire horse of stout trotting stock, and fine action. Mr. C. has refused one hundred guineas for the chance of a colt.

Lord Foley's Agnes is matched against Mr. Howarth's Dwarf, at the next Houghton Meeting; first three miles of B. C. 1000gs. 500gs. p. p.

Mr. Vansittart's Burleigh, against Mr. Bouverie's Barbican, at the same meeting, for 200 guineas.

The following matches have also been made:—

Newmarket July Meeting, 1809. —Wednesday, the Duke of Rutland's Salvator, 8st. 9lb. against Sir C. Turner's Chloris, 8st. 2lb. the first half of Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

First October Meeting, 1809.— Tuesday, Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, 8st. 8lb. against Mr. Shakespear's Sir David, 8st. 4lb. Across the Flat, 200gs.

Wednesday, Mr. Payne's Bullrush against Mr. Shakespear's Discount, 8st. 7lb. each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs.

Thursday, Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen, 8st. 5lb. against General Grosvenor's Trump, 7st. 4lb. D. M. 100gs.

Duke of Rutland's Salvator, 8st. 6lb. against General Gower's Mirth, 8st. Audley-End Course, 200gs. h. ft.

Doncaster Meeting, 1809.—Mr. T. B. Johnson's b. m. Singletonia, by Stamford, against Mr. T. Bullas's bl. g. Traveller, by Highlander; to be rode by the owners; four miles, 100gs.

Friday, Mr. Brackenbury's Chancina, by Chance, against Mr. Hewett's Teazle-Ovna, 8st. each; the St. Leger Course. Mr. Hewett Stakes 100gs. to 50gs.

Pontefract Races, 1809. — Saturday before the Meeting, Mr. Clark's gr. h. by Delpini, bought of Mr. Hargroves, against Mr. G. Neville's b. h. by Stamford, aged, bought of Mr. Johnson; four miles, 200gs. 50gs. ft. The owners to ride.

Newcastle Races.—The following is a summary of the sport on the two last days of the above races: (the preceding days are to be found in the Rac. Cal. p. 40.)—*Wednesday*, the Silver Cup, value 60gs. given by the Corporation, added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each by eleven Subscribers, was won by Mr. Loftus's b. c. Cliffe, beating Mr. Lonsdale's Patriot, Mr. W. Fletcher's Miss Staveley, and four others. Five to 2 against Cliffe. A very fine race.—*Thursday*, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, was won by Mr. Ellerker's b. h. Cardinal York, beating easy Sir W. Gerard's Julius Cæsar, and Mr. Storey's Cramlington.— The Gentlemen's Purse of 50l. added to the entrance-money of 21gs. was won by Mr. Acred's br. h. Wansford, beating Sir H. T. Vane's Little Fanny, Mr. Storey's Cramlington, Mr. Loftus's b. h. Cliffe,

Cliffe, and Lord Scarborough's br. c. by Sir Solomon.

Cardinal York, who won the Members' Plate at Newcastle, on Monday, the 19th instant; the King's Plate on Tuesday; and the Gold Cup on Thursday—won three times at Newcastle last year; viz. on the Monday, the Sweepstakes for four-year olds; the King's Plate on Tuesday; and the Gold Cup on Thursday, all four-mile races.—This is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the annals of racing.—He was bred by, and is the property, of Mr. Ellerker, of Hart, near Hartlepool, in the county of Durham.—Cardinal York was got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Charmer, by Phenomenon, who was the dam of Saxoni and Cleveland, both capital racers.

His Majesty's brood mares, together with the colts and fillies, which have been kept at Hampton Court, were brought to the hammer, at Aldridge's, on Wednesday, the 14th. They were removed from Hampton Court for that purpose, and received at the King's Mews, Pimlico, and within the railing of St. James's Park. The colts that have run within the railing of St. James's Park for some time, were sold at the same place.

Mr. Newman, son of the late Newman Hardinge Newman, Esq. with his Essex sporting friends, Messrs. Hayward and Stephens, have purchased a fine pack of fox-hounds, to succeed Lord Archibald Hamilton in his Suffolk hunt.—They intend kennelling them at Thurlow.

On Friday, the 9th instant, in the neighbourhood of Workingtón, seven sportsmen, with a very small muster of dogs, set off in pursuit of a fox. They very soon unkennelled *one*, which led them a considerable chase; but in less than four hours, they killed it, and five others—that is to say, the *dam*, and five *young ones*.—All this *cruel* business, we understand, was perpetrated without any *remorse* on the part of the sportsmen, who, it seems, have a partiality for *rabbits*, forty-five of whose heads (at least the bones) they found in the cell of this cunning and provident mother.

The Marquis of Tavistock, on the King's Birth-day, had the best set-out, as to carriages, horses, and neatness of liveries in his servants. Drab-coloured, with family lace, bouquets, and red feathers in the hats.

Another match, of an extraordinary nature, has been made between Captain Webster and Colonel Lee, of the Prince's regiment, for the Captain to drive a curricle, four in hand, from Brighton to London, in the space of four hours, being above fourteen miles an hour. This match is to be attempted in December, for 1000 guineas. The other match of Captain Webster's, to ride a blood mare from Brighton to London in three hours, is also with Colonel Lee, for a like sum, and is to be attempted the first week in July.—*(See an account of Capt. Webster's last performance, in our Mag. for May, page 92.)*

The Four-in-Hand Club.—On Wednesday, the 14th instant, being the last day of meeting of the above celebrated charioteers, the public curiosity was again strongly excited, and the attendance was equal to even the first day of the procession. The equestrian and pedestrian spectators occupied the whole of

of Cavendish-square, excepting that part which was kept clear for the cavalcade to pass. On no former occasion were witnessed so many elegant equipages; landaus and barouches were wholly occupied by ladies of distinguished rank and fashion. The hour previously fixed upon was one o'clock; it was nearly two before they started. Mr. Buxton took the lead, as usual. The following was the order of the set-out:—

1. Charles Buxton, Esq.—yellow carriage, and four bright bays.
2. Lord Hawke...... ditto.
3. Sir John Rogers.... ditto.
4. Captain Agar...... ditto.
5. J. Spicer, Esq.—phaeton and four.
6. Lord Clinton—yellow carriage and four.
7. Massey Dawson, Esq. ditto.
8. Humphrey Butler, Esq. ditto.
9. Hon. Martin Hawke.. ditto.
10. Sir Charles Bampfylde ditto.
11. James Achurst, Esq... ditto.
12. Sir Godfrey Webster.. ditto.

They proceeded, as usual, to Salthill, near Windsor.

The following article, under the head of a *bit of fun*, is extracted from a country paper:—"There is more *nous* than readily suggests itself to an observer, in the reigning rage, amongst the *bucks*, for assimilating *their carriages* and *themselves* to stage coaches and stage coachmen.—Example: A farmer who lives a few miles south of Stamford, at a village which is half a mile from the road, lately directed one of his labourers to take a basket, which contained a present for a friend in London, to the road, and deliver it to a particular coach which would be the first that passed upward. In two or three minutes, trumpeting along came what appeared to be the coach for which the man waited, and he delivered his parcel and paid for the carriage, as desired. The wag of a coachman, and his crew in the *drag*, exulting in their success, drove to the Fountain Inn, Huntingdon, where they dined well off a fine green goose and early peas (the contents of the basket), and afterwards packed up the bones and the pea-shells, and forwarded the present by a *real coach*, agreeably to the direction."

A MARE, belonging to Mr. Obey, of Nottingham-street, which is under fifteen hands, trotted the wonderful distance of eight miles and a half, in two minutes under half an hour, on Tuesday, the 13th, on the Sunbury road, for a wager of 200 guineas to 50 against the mare.

THERE was a poney-race in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, one day this month. As the *hindmost* was passing a knot of spectators, one of them called out "*Woah.*"—The poor little animal immediately stopped—(the rider had a narrow escape from being precipitated over his head)—nodded its head, and seemed to say—"*With all my heart—thank you.*"—IT LOST.

IN the morning of Sunday, the 4th instant, a pitched battle was fought, between William Dermont and James Aires, weavers, the former seventeen, the latter nineteen years of age, both of Virginia-row, Bethnal-green, when, after a contest of about fifteen minutes, the former received an unlucky blow on the left side of the head, by which he was killed on the spot, when Aires, with the seconds, were immediately taken into custody.—It appeared before the Coroner's Inquest, held on the body,

dy, that the cause of their quarrel occurred some time ago, and that Aires did not wish to fight, his mother having died the Saturday before, but the deceased persisted in immediately deciding the difference.—The Jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict of *Manslaughter*.

It was given out, on Wednesday, the 21st, that some good matches would be fought on Wilsden Green, and consequently there was a strong muster at three o'clock in the afternoon.—Jemmy from Town and a Bristol man had a set-to for a stake of twenty guineas, but it was the worst of all bad fights. Jemmy from Town has often been falsely denominated a boxer, and nothing could prove his inability more than this combat.—It lasted within a little of two hours, but neither of the combatants received any further injury than what they got by *roley poley*, for Jemmy was emulating Mendoza at the Fives-court, when the latter was humbugging the amateurs, and filling his own pocket, by a malicious representation of a tried good boxer of the old school. The countryman won the fight, if it could possibly be so called.

A *real battle* next took place for 10gs. between George Green, a professor, and Matthews, a mechanic. This was a gratifying set-to, but by a superior hit put in by Green, it was of twenty-two minutes duration only. Matthews had two stone given, but he was unable to cope with the science of his antagonist, and after having received a *facer* in the fifth round, his whole time was occupied in stopping. Green put in a scientific hit in the wind, and such a one that prevented Matthews from appearing again in time.

Mr. Downe, who had undertaken to go three miles an hour for fourteen days, for five hundred guineas, has declined the undertaking. Tuesday, the 13th, was the day for making stakes good for the start on the 1st day of July, or to forfeit fifty, and Mr. Downe paid the forfeit. A gentleman present offered to bet the pedestrian 500l. that he did not do the Barclay match of a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

Mr. Barclay, brother to the great pedestrian, and who is with him at Newmarket, has undertaken an extraordinary match, that of going a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, for a thousand guineas. This match is to take place once within a month, and Mr. Barclay, who is a stout, healthy young man, just from Scotland, is backed at even to win.

Captain Barclay's celebrated performance now at issue, is mentioned in the early part of this our present Magazine.

A ludicrous foot-race took place in a field at Ashford, on Monday morning, the 5th instant, between two wooden-legged gentlemen, the one Mr. J. Field, of Great Chart, and the other of Folkstone, who ran twenty rods for a wager of 5l. which was won with ease by the latter. This wooden exhibition caused much mirth to a numerous assembly of spectators.

A foot-race was run on the Hereford road, on Monday, the 12th, for five hundred guineas, betwixt John Jones, a Welchman, and William Williams, a Lancashire man. The distance was thirty miles; Williams had the best of the first twenty, but Jones soon after passed him, and won the race, which was well contested, in the space of three hours and three quarters.

quarters. Jones challenged any man in England, the like distance for any sum.

Captain Agar, who matched himself, on Tuesday, the 13th, for a bet of a hundred, to go five miles within half an hour, and to walk the first five minutes, accomplished his task on the Staines road next day, with considerable ease.

A match of running took place, on Monday, the 19th, at Faversham, twenty rods, for fifty guineas a side, between —— Barrow, of Faversham, and Benjamin Coleman, of Canterbury, which was won by the former by about half a rod. Much money was speculated on the occasion.

The same morning, Mr. Berkley, son of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Epping, undertook, for a wager of twenty guineas, to go on foot from Woodford Wells to Whitechapel Church, and back again, in two hours and twenty minutes, the distance of ground being eighteen miles. He started at five o'clock, got to Laytonstone at twenty-seven minutes after five, stopped about five minutes, and arrived at Whitechapel at four minutes before six. After refreshing himself ten minutes he started afresh, and completed his journey at twelve minutes after seven o'clock, so that he won by eight minutes, but was so much fatigued as to be put to bed.

Captain Aikin started, on Friday morning the 23d instant, on the Uxbridge road, on three matches, for fifty guineas each, betted with a sporting Lord. He was to run one hundred yards within twelve seconds; to go two hundred yards in twenty-eight seconds; and to do a quarter of a mile in one minute and twenty seconds. The first match the Captain lost by a second; the next he won with difficulty; and the third and last match, of a quarter of a mile, he won by two seconds. These were all performed within an hour.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 31st of May and 1st of June, a grand match of cricket was played on Bullingdon-green, between eleven of the Bullingdon Club and eleven of the Oxford Sociable Club, which was won by the Sociable with six wickets to go down.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst. was played, in the Upper Shooting Fields, Eton College, a grand match of Cricket, for 100 guineas a side, between eleven gentlemen of the College, and eleven gentlemen of the Rickmersworth Club, which was decided in favour of the former, by 88 runs.

A match at cricket was played upon Stamford race ground, on Monday, the 19th, between some gentlemen of Oakham and the neighbourhood, and Arthur Annesley, Esq. of Ufford, and a party of friends, which was won by the Rutland men by one inning. The Earl of Winchilsea, and many ladies and gentlemen, were present, and we understand a meeting for cricket is to be held upon the race ground once a fortnight for the season.

The grand match of Cricket in Lord's Ground, which commenced playing on Thursday, the 8th, between eight of the Mary-le-bone Club, with Lambert, Beldam, and A. Bentley, against eleven of England, for one thousand guineas a-side, was, on the Monday following, decided in favour of the latter, by forty-one runs.

Every

Every body protects, and seems pleased, with the company of the redbreast: how long it has enjoyed these privileges we cannot tell.—One of these birds was grown so very familiar, and had become so entirely reconciled to "the busy haunts of men," that it lately deliberately constructed a nest, and deposited eggs, between the timbers of a ship now building in Mr. Wallace's yard, Workington. All this was performed, as was, indeed, the whole business of incubation, in presence of the workmen, who (having planked over the interval which contained the nest) were now so tenderly indulgent to their fellow-builder, as by cutting a hole, to afford it convenient access to the habitation it had provided.

An extraordinary occurrence happened a few days ago, at Bolton Mill, in Westmoreland. A gentleman passing by the mill, was called by the miller to be witness of something curious, pointing at the same time to a hole in the thatch, when shortly came out a weasel with a large rat in its mouth, and carried it to another place and left it. The gentleman waited till it brought out the fourth, and carried them as before. The miller saw it bring out three prior to them—making in all seven full grown rats—*Quere*, If weasels could be tamed, would they not be a good substitute for cats?

A few days ago, as some men were digging in Swanage rock, in the island of Purbeck, a petrified land tortoise was discovered, seventy feet deep from the surface, in the highest state of perfection; the Rev. Samuel Woolmer being in the neighbourhood, the men brought it to him for his inspection, who being struck with admiration at so great a curiosity, immediately offered them five guineas for it, which they declined accepting; but after exhibiting it about, sold it to a gentleman of Upway, for eight guineas; since which 300l. has been offered for it, but refused. It was supposed very probable that its mate might be found near, as the male and female are generally together, upon which farther search was made, when after digging some time another was dug up, but entirely broken in pieces and spoiled.

ACCIDENTS.

On Monday, the 5th instant, as Mr. Thomas Hill, farmer, of East Anstey, about eight miles from Dulverton, Somersetshire, was firing at some rooks, his gun burst, and blew off his hand, in consequence of which he was obliged to have his arm amputated, but is in a fair way of recovery.

In the evening of Thursday, the 1st instant, as George Mate, the groom of Thomas Trevillon, Esq. of New Romney, was in the act of cleaning his master's charger, he was kicked by the animal in the groin, and died in consequence on the following morning.

As Mr. Thomas French and his lady were returning from London, in a single-horse chaise, on Saturday, the 3d instant, within a mile of Peterborough; the horse (in consequence of some part of the harness breaking) suddenly took fright, and ran away with the chaise, which was soon overturned; and Mr. F. in the fall, received so violent a concussion of the brain, that he never spoke afterwards, and died on the Monday following, Mrs. F. was

F. was materially injured, but not dangerously.

On Tuesday, the 5th instant, a horse, the property of Mr. Walker, of Brighton, having had his blinkers incautiously taken off, whilst standing in a cart near the Rock Buildings, the animal caught sight of the vehicle behind him, and set off at full speed towards St. James's-street, when he came in contact with the shop-window of Mrs. Casey, which the violence of the shock completely drove in, making way for the enfuriated steed, which entered the shop, and unfortunately trampled under his feet the occupier of the premises, an elderly infirm lady, who was sitting near the window, by which remarkable accident one of her legs was terribly fractured, and she was otherwise so much bruised, that her life was greatly despaired of. The horse extricated himself from the window frame, and continued his course down St. James's-street, but was soon afterwards stopped, without doing any further mischief.

In the evening of Monday, the 19th instant, a melancholy accident happened at Edith Weston, in the neighbourhood of Stamford. Between eight and nine o'clock, Walden Orme, Esq. a gentleman well known for some sporting eccentricities, was sailing in a small boat on a pond at Edith Weston, when, by some accident, he fell overboard. He had no companion in the boat, but several persons standing near the pond were witnesses of the accident, and one man, who could swim, immediately plunged into the water to assist Mr. Orme. In the struggle, however, the unfortunate gentleman turned the boat over upon the person who was giving assistance, and so much hurt him, that he with difficulty saved himself from drowning.—Mr. Orme sunk, and was not recovered from the water until all attempts to produce resuscitation were rendered unavailing.

The Earl of Sefton met with a serious accident one day this month. As his Lordship was driving his lofty barouche at a great rate, with four blood bays, Mr. Churchill sitting on the box, on turning into St. James's-street, the spring of the box broke; his Lordship fell upon the stones, but continued to hold the reins, and was thus enabled to restrain their speed. He received no material injury, but Mr. Churchill was thrown on the pavement with great violence, and was much hurt.

FATAL DUELS.

In consequence of a dispute which took place at the Cricket-ground, near Malden, on the preceding evening, between Ensign P. Mahon and Assistant-Surgeon Lewis O'-Hara, both of the 11th regiment of foot, the parties met at three o'clock p. m. the following day, June 15th, on Woodham Mortimer Common, about four miles from Malden; Ensign M. attended by Lieutenant Stephens, and Mr. O'H. by Ensign Stewart, all of the 11th. A number of spectators were present. The ground being measured at twelve paces distance, the parties fired, without effect; when it was proposed, on the part of Ensign M. that a mutual concession should take place: which, from the nature of the insult received, being deemed inadmissible on the part of Mr. O'H. they proceeded to fire a second time, when the ball from Ensign M.'s pistol entering Mr. O'H.'s right side, passed through his body, and was instantly extracted, by the application of a

lancet

lancet from his left. After receiving the wound, he declined altering his position for some minutes; but continued calling out to his adversary to fly, and evade the pursuit of some constables who were observers of the scene, and who succeeded in taking him into custody. Mr. O'H. was conveyed to his apartments in the barracks at Malden, where he expired the following morning, at five o'clock. He was a very fine young man, in his twenty-fourth year, and was highly esteemed by his brother officers. His remains were interred with all possible respect, at Malden; the men of the 11th, and the Dragoons and Norfolk Militia, quartered in the place, lining the streets through which the procession passed, followed by the officers in garrison, and attended with the universal regret of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Ensign M. has since found means to escape from custody, and the seconds have likewise absconded.

Philadelphia, May 18.—A duel took place yesterday morning, between Sir George Macklin and Captain ——, lately of the French army, near the Black Horse Tavern, within a few miles of this city. Sir George Macklin was on the ground about half past three, attended by his second, Mr. O——y and Dr. B——k, a short time after which Captain F., accompanied by his second, made his appearance.

The ground had been previously measured, twelve paces, but at the instance of Sir George, the distance was reduced to ten. They both fired at the same moment, by signal. Sir George received a ball near the groin, and Captain F. was wounded in the left arm. When Sir George received the wound, he beckoned to his opponent to make his escape, as he was convinced that his wound was mortal. Mr. O. and Sir G.'s servant, supported him to his carriage, and he returned to town.

The circumstances that produced this unfortunate affair, will not be uninteresting. Sir George Macklin is enthusiastically attached to the Prince of Wales, and has, whenever it has been necessary, without ever consulting his personal safety, been a zealous defender of his character. Captain F. is only a few days from France, and, in company with Sir George and some others, the conversation unfortunately turned on the present Royal Family of Great Britain, when Captain F. uttered the most illiberal abuse against every branch of it—but particularly against the Prince of Wales. At which Sir G. Macklin demanded if he knew that he was a subject of Great Britain? Captain F. replied in the affirmative. When Sir G. informed him that "his assertions with respect to the Prince of Wales, were base and unmanly—equally destitute of probability and truth, nor would he ever suffer him or any of his nation to traduce with impunity the character of that Prince." Words of such import followed, that the parties exchanged cards. In a few hours, Sir George received a challenge from Captain F.

Sir George Macklin had been absent from his native country (Ireland) about two years, and during that period, had visited Germany, Sweden, and these States. He was returning from a visit to the British Ambassador, previous to his setting out for Ireland, when this unfortunate circumstance occurred.—*(United States Gazette.)*

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A CALL TO THE FIELD.

A new Song.

Of the sons of Apollo, who wake while they dream,
Some single out love, and some wine, for a theme;
Some sing of Bellona, the fame she bestows,
And the laurels she plants on the hero's rough brows:
But I'll sing the rapturous joys of the field,
The pleasures they give, the sound health that they yield,
How they take men from syrens that wound with sweet breath,
Who allure with kisses, and lead men to death.
Fly, fly their enchantments—to horse, and away,
Join, join in the chase, not a moment delay;
Health, spirits, and courage, are gain'd in the field,
But a syren's enchantments make heroes to yield.

The spaniel may fawn, yet he will not betray,
Then take down your gun, to the field haste away,
And beat through the stubble, the fern, and the heath,
No mines are conceal'd to deceive you beneath;
Old Rockwood may growl, and look surly awhile,
And though he should bite, yet he will not beguile;
And the horse, though he's restive, and caper and bound,
Still your honour is safe, though you lie on the ground.
Seek health in the field, then, and danger despise,
No danger so dreadful as syrens' bright eyes;
They melt with sweet kisses, the soul they will steal,
Your wealth they will squander, your secrets reveal.

The sportsman, returning home hungry at night,
In a plain English dinner finds ample delight,
And a tight faithful girl, void of learning and art,
All the joys of true love to his breast can impart.
But the syren enchants with her pleasures and smiles,
She enervates a man, and his honour beguiles;
All the soft things and nonsense he writes she'll disclose,
To shame him, and shew whom she led by the nose.
Seek health, then, and honour, and fly the false shore,
Where syrens are lurking, your fame to devour;
From their witchery run to the joys of the field,
Which health will impart, if no honour they yield.

The wily old Grecian,* in fam'd days of yore,
When cast on the coast of the syrens' gay shore,
For his men and himself was alarmed with fears,
And their danger engross'd no small share of his cares;
Yet still their allurements disturbed his heart,

* The crafty Ulysses never shewed more cunning and sagacity in any enterprise or stratagem of his, than in guarding his followers against the enticing allurements of pleasurable women, whose character Homer has drawn under the name of Syrens.

And he seiz'd the first moment he could
to depart;
Not a day would he stay, in their pleasures to revel,
As syrens, he knew, would inveigle the
devil.
Then away to the field, let us fly from
temptation,
Be just to ourselves, and be true to the
nation;
And at night drink a bumper to Doll,
Kate, and Sue,
Those plain simple girls will ne'er make
us to rue.

Stambourn, May 16. A. B.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, AT A CARD PARTY.

By Mr. Pratt.

COOL lookers on, dear girl, they say,
Can better judge than those who
play,
Howe'er they cut and shuffle;
And we, who thus behind them stand,
Could mark the turns of ev'ry hand,
In yonder pasteboard scuffle.

But while the party round us sit,
Striving each other to outwit
In amicable strife,
O, be it mine, sweet maid, to tell
How you may learn to play as well
The arduous game of life.

Oft have the grave or sportive bards
Man's skill in conduct, and in cards,
By verse or prose made common;
But, bending low at Vesta's shrine,
I shall the apt allusion twine
Into a wreath for woman.

Di'monds and hearts, and queens and
kings,
And thrones and crowns, are idle things,
To woman's well-earn'd prize:
But ah! a soft, insidious band,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, around her stand,
Dire foes in friendship's guise.

And though more brilliant the rewards
That wait on fortune's lucky cards,
Full hard are they to play;
For all that mints, or mines, e'er gave,
To fortune's or to fashion's slaves,
One trick may throw away.

Such is, alas! the female doom,
Gamblers of ev'ry kind will come,
And practise all their arts;
And when they fairest seem to deal,
The foulest purpose they conceal,
To vanquish virgin hearts.

Gay knaves, who swear by all the names
That best express the purest flames
Of friendship and of love;
Who seem with all the truth to glow
That honourable souls can know,
A pack of shufflers prove.

As int'rest leads, they follow suit,
Concede the honours, or dispute
Encourage or provoke;
Yet, so adroit they play their parts,
E'en while they try a thousand arts,
You'd think they ne'er revoke.

With caution, then, my dear, begin,
Since prudence may those honours win
That rashness would forego;
Virtue, Eliza, counts her gains
With all her penalties and pains—
Successful vice is woe.

Her lib'ral countenance declares
Eliza open to the snares
Which art and nature play;
And that ingenuous air of truth,
That fair simplicity of youth,
Is oft the villain's prey.

Avoid the rude, ill-manner'd carle,
Who thinks plain dealing is to snarl;
The downright clown's a brute;
Yet worse than he, the sullen slave,
Who, tho' a *dumme*, glouts a knave—
A tyrant, tho' a mute.

Him, too, who many a promise broke,
Who thinks that one well-manag'd stroke
The trickster's fate may mend;
O! from this desperado's art
Eliza's soft and blameless heart
May fav'ring Heav'n defend.

And yet, more dire, the fawners base,
Who, while they flatter shape and face,
Pursue the vilest aim;
Nor face, nor form, nor gen'rous mind,
Nor friendship true, nor love refin'd,
But gold their sordid game.

And, O! in those grand trumps of life,
A happy husband, happy wife,
Be wary how you choose:
Let him you wed have sense and truth,
Learn well the story of his youth,
Then all but him refuse.

Whate'er his station, dearest maid,
Whether a diamond or a spade,

Or

Or lucky cards his lot,
Whether he digs for bread and health,
Or boasts hereditary wealth,
A palace or a cot:

With him, the fortune-favour'd bride
Life's truest honours shall divide,
Thrice blest her joys to share;
Then, as your parents gaze on you,
Her children shall Eliza view,
Like objects of her care.

Still, then, be honest dealing your's,
For that the vale of life secures,
Whatever hand has given;
How hard soe'er the cards you hold,
'Twill gain you more than Ophir's gold,
For—O! 'twill gain you Heaven!

THE WHIP CLUB.

WHAT can *Men of Fashion* do?
Why, drive a *Curricle and two*.
Can Men of Fashion do no more?
Yes, drive a smart *Barouche and four*.
Do Men of Fashion end with this?
May they not *drive too fast?*—Oh yes!

THE DOG KENNEL.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
In a neat little cot that was join'd to a mill,
Liv'd a family, blest with sweet smiling content,
And the neighbours caress'd them where-ever they went.

For old Ralph was a man of devotion and truth,
Who had walk'd with his God from the morning of youth,
And the close of his life, like an ev'ning in May,
Seem'd to promise the cloudless return of the day.

His dear Mary, whom age had made languid and pale,
Was once fam'd for her beauty, the rose of the vale:
She was pious and cheerful, kind-hearted and free,
And as steadfast in friendship as mortal could be,
All her household affairs she could manage with ease,
And the joy of her heart was, her husband to please.
At the church, at the village, at market and fair,
They were known by the name of *the happy old pair*.

Heaven blest them with children, but took them again,
So that now only Ralph and his partner remain;
Their best hopes were on high, and they fear'd not the grave,
For they lean'd on an arm that was mighty to save.

When the stranger sat down by the side of the way,
Overcome by his toils, or the heat of the day,
Poor Ralph would invite him, with hearty good will,
To take rest in the cottage that stood by the mill.

When the cold blasts of winter roam'd fearfully round,
And the oaks of the forest were torn from the ground;
When the snow-drifting cloud in the valley was spread,
And the dark shades of night fill'd the trav'llers with dread;

In poor Ralph's little cottage a shelter he found,
When the neat blazing hearth sheds its lustre around,
While in sweet social converse the night stole away,
And the trav'ller forgot all the toils of the day.

They had no secret hoards, for they pitied the poor,
And the beggar was never refus'd at their door:
Forty summers they liv'd on that sweet little spot,
And the owners of kingdoms might envy their lot.

But, alas! unexpected, their old landlord died,
And his heir, a young upstart, the vassal of pride,
Said poor Ralph's little cottage disfigur'd his grounds,

For

For he there had determin'd to kennel his
hounds.

So the mill and the cottage were order'd
away,
And poor Ralph and his partner no longer
could stay;
Tho' resign'd, yet they wept, as they
walk'd up the hill,
When the workmen began to demolish
the mill.

To the poor-house they went, where each
ev'ning they're seen,
Leaning out of the window that looks
o'er the green,
Where their cottage once stood, and are
oft heard to say,
While they sigh from the heart—'Well-
a-day! Well-a-day!'

Chester. J. L.

A PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Magestas et amor. OVID.

NOW hush'd the noisy tumult of the
town,
Now slowly home the sons of pleasure
creep,
Now some (unequal Fate!) on beds of
down,
Whilst others on bare boards are doom'd
to sleep.

But Love, dire foe to Morpheus' pleasing
sway,
Refus'd poor Tom that sleep he ill
could spare,
Who, in his smack, thus tun'd his am'-
rous lay,
And breath'd his sorrows to the mid-
night air:

"O! fairest nymph of Billingsgate's
fair crew,
With thee, sweet *maid*, what Wapping
belle can vie?
Sleek as an eel, but, ah! as slipp'ry too;
Sound as a roach, and sweet as salmon
fry.

"How beats this heart, just tho' my
ribs would break!
To stop my ears—but, ah! in vain I
strive;
Whene'er I hear her lov'd, harmonious
squeak,
Of 'Mack'rel! Mack'rel!—all alive!
alive!'

"Heav'ns! how I gaze—oh, how this
bosom glows!
How can I paint the extasies I feel,
When, peeping thro' her old black wor-
sted hose,
Her slip-shod shoe displays her naked
heel!

"Talk not to me of bosoms white as
snow—
Mere tricks of art, to hide a sallow
skin—
Can rouge, cosmetics, lotions e'er bestow
That healthful bloom which follows
drinking gin?

"This gives her cheek the sweet carna-
tion dye,
Paints with the diamond's blaze her
blushing *nose*;
Adds fire and vigour to her sparkling
eye,
And gives her breath the fragrance of
the rose.

"Oh! with what lustre beams her *pea-
green* eye,
(For Heav'n, in pity, only gave her
one)
But there such darts and laughing Cu-
pids lie—
Would, for my comfort, she were
bless'd with—none.

"Almighty Love! before I felt thy
sway;
No *shark* possess'd an appetite like me;
Now like a *shrimp* I'm grown, I pine
away,
Just like a salmon that has left the
sea.

"These hands, which labour never once
could tire,
Now *pegg'd* like *lobster's claws*, won't
reach my head.
I sigh like cockles roasting at a fire,
Flat as a flounder, as an herring dead."

"Thus sang poor Tom, and heav'd two
piteous sighs,
Till wearied nature woo'd her last re-
pose;
Sleep shed her poppies o'er his closing
eyes,
And *Thames-street* echoed to his *vocal
nose*.